THE NEW REPUBLIC

Spring Book Review

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The Editors

May 9, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The New Recession

★ The first crisis of the next President – Republican or Democrat – will probably be a recession. It will be Eisenhower's legacy to his successor. Eisenhower's prospective Recession No. 3 (the other two – 1953-54; 1957-58) will come from the same policy that produced the others, putting stability ahead of full employment and neglecting government spending.

Most economists now agree you can get price stability if you retrench drastically enough – drastically enough to keep unemployment high, for example. At present dollar prices are fairly stable, but the unemployment increase in March was the biggest for any month since World War II. Business shows ominous slack too. The expected 1960 "boom" never appeared. That raises the question – has America bought a stable dollar at the price of a slump?

Few people realize the degree of Eisenhower retrenchment. "Look," they say, "the federal budget of 1961 is higher than 1953, isn't it?" Of course it is! There are 3,000,000 more people each year. The budget must rise just to stay still. But we are shooting at a moving target; take over-all output of goods, for instance. You find that Eisenhower spending as a percentage of gross national product has fallen about *one-quarter* since 1952.

More elections have been lost or won because of business conditions than because of all the other issues together; will the new recession (if it comes) fall in 1960 instead of 1961? In our judgment, no. There are numerous signs that a recession is building up, but a recession can be delayed by loosening credit (the Federal Reserve has already begun this) or by pouring out defense contracts. Generally a recession comes a year or so after the election. Look at this table –

Election	*Recession*
1920 Harding	1921
1928 Hoover	1929 crash
1936 FDR 2nd term	1937
1944 FDR	1946 (2 yrs. later)
1948 Truman	1949
1952 Eisenhower	1953
1956 "	1957
1960 ?	1961 ?

The above figures may result from politics or simple coincidence but there seems to be a strong pattern. In Eisenhower's case he has saved money by letting the national plant decay. Schools, housing, urban renewal, stream pollution, health of the aged, higher minimum wage – they have been neglected. Doing these jobs would have kept workers employed, business prosperous and national growth expanding. Neglecting them is like neglecting to paint a house: it saves money in the short run, costs a lot more in the long run.

One sad fact recently pointed out by Arthur F. Burns (Eisenhower's first chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers) is that we have forgotten all those automatic anti-recession safeguards we talked so much about in the last slump, two years ago. The first line of defense against a recession is the unemployment insurance system. It prevents panic by tiding a worker over until he finds a new job, or the government steps in. It is a built-in, automatic stabilizer. There was a lot of talk in 1957-58 about improving the structure, but Burns points out that practically nothing has been done.

"It is My *Responsibility"*

★ When Richard Mooney of the *New York Times* asked Eisenhower last week why he wasn't re-appointing William Connole, the only strong member of the Federal Power Commission, the President's pink face flushed deeper and set in a rigid, angry look. He was evidently waiting for the press conference question. We watched Eisenhower with fascination, and wish people who have an image of his unfailing benevolence could have seen him. He folded his arms waiting the end of the question, bald head thrust forward and gleaming under lights, pink face shining, all the lines of advancing age emphasized by his grimness, the little white fluffs of hair over his eyes and the remaining hair behind his ears almost invisible.

What Eisenhower said was, in effect, it is none of your business. He refused to explain. "It is *my* responsibility to appoint people and to get the best people I can," he said. "I think I can get a better man, that's all."

This answer shut off discussion; it was a flat denial that the public has a right to know. College law school professors, half a dozen state regulatory commissions, the mayors of big cities all insist that Connole has been protecting the consumer interest against the gas-oil lobby; that he has been interpreting the law in the light of Supreme Court decisions while the other four members of the FPC still refuse to regulate prices charged by producers of natural gas. But Eisenhower angrily replies it is none of their business; it is his responsibility. How can you get "first-rate men" to serve in Washington if Connole is fired without explanation, ask professors of Harvard, Yale, Columbia and other colleges in a public appeal? Eisenhower's jaw sets. He won't discuss the matter. This is the attitude of a tired Administration that sees the end clearly in sight and has stopped bothering with make-believe. It must make Nixon wince.

The Dick Clark Party

★ We dropped in on the Dick Clark investigation last week, expecting to see some bobby-soxers swoon and feeling terribly out of place. What does a middle-aged reporter know about disc jockeys and dance music and all the rest of the arcane world of "hop," and "bop" and "rock 'n roll"? It was in the same echoing, railway station auditorium where Charles Van Doren bleated his maudlin confession, but this was different, and an anti-climax. No teen-agers on hand, a committee and a room full of middle-aged spectators all as perplexed as this reporter. Clark, 30, a pretty boy who looks about 20, as bland as cream, repeatedly denying with more sorrow than anger ever taking "payola" but giving a definition to that word which would have excluded the Forty Thieves. Clark with his business empire of 33 separate companies seemed to epitomize something – the Acquisitive Society, American Youth . . . we don't know.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 142 Number 19 Issue 2373 May 9, 1960*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.* *Copyright© 1960, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.*

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Choose Your Risks

Sen. Albert Gore, who is "going along" only reluctantly with the President's nuclear test ban proposal, is no isolationist or militarist. He is liberal, smart and courageous. Rep. Chet Holifield is likewise a responsible Congressman and one who has thought more about the uses and abuses of nuclear energy than most of his colleagues; yet he too has serious doubts about the wisdom of agreeing to end tests. Sharing their misgivings are other sincere men in the Atomic Energy Commission, the Pentagon and elsewhere. They fear, and the fear was repeatedly expressed during four days of hearings before the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, April 19-22, that no evasion-proof detection system is now possible, that the Russians could cheat by testing underground, and that by cheating they could "catch up" with our superior weapons technology.

None of the "news" reported from the hearings was new. All the information offered has been known by our government and by the Russians since November of last year. All the pros and cons had been gone over before the US made its decision, reaffirmed during Prime Minister Macmillan's visit in March, to proceed with the Geneva negotiations on the basis of an absolute ban on large tests in the atmosphere, over the earth's surface or underwater – and a limited moratorium on underground testing while further joint study is made of ways to refine detection techniques. Nothing was said in the hearings which made more plausible the claims that by testing underground the US can develop a clean fusion bomb – or that further testing will enable us to produce something "the size of a cigarette which can blow up a city." Nor, even if such hopes could be realized, did any witness explain why such discoveries would be to this country's singular advantage. For if one is free to test, all are, given the means and the will.

One heard whispers during the hearings that those who favor a cessation of tests are indulging in wishful thinking. The facts do not support the insinuation. How realistic is the view that open and unlimited competition in the testing of nuclear weapons is the best means of protecting this nation's security? To assume that is to believe that the United States has a permanent, built-in technical superiority and a greater willingness than non-democratic states to divert national resources from consumer goods to weapons. That is wishful thinking in the extreme.

The proponents of a test ban have not claimed it would be easy to monitor with any reasonable degree of accuracy. Both the political

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and technical complexities are vast. The former requires ripping holes in the Iron Curtain; the latter involves creating an intricate network of manned and unmanned detection devices, the more numerous and refined as one attempts to monitor smaller-yield explosions whose force might be concealed by triggering them in large underground holes. And it is these holes which so fascinate Dr. Edward Teller and others who insist our security would be compromised by test cessation.

The Big-Hole Theory

For example, the lead-off witness at the Joint Committee hearings, Dr. Harold Brown of the Livermore Laboratory, stated that a determined violator could explode small underground tests with "complete impunity" under "any system I can propose." And to make sure no one missed the point, Sen. Bourke Hickenlooper (R, Iowa) asked Dr. Brown whether the probability of locating and proving the identity of almost any size nuclear explosion, using control methods now available or about to be available (assuming a determined effort at concealment), was not "practically nil." Dr. Brown replied that the possibility was "very small and for practical purposes quite close to zero." Explosions could be muffled in big holes, the Committee was told, thus reducing the seismic shock from a nuclear blast by 300-fold; and it was suggested that the easiest way of digging such a hole would be to use water to wash out the inside of a salt dome.

Dr. Hans A. Bethe, one of the world's greatest theoretical physicists, explained how this might be done in a talk given in Washington following the hearings: "You make in the rock somewhere an enormous cavity. . . . To hide a 20 kiloton explosion [about the force of the Hiroshima bomb] in this manner you need a hole of a diameter of 400 feet, which is the height of a 40-story skyscraper and is, however, much bigger than a skyscraper in lateral dimensions. So this is quite a hole."

Could it be dug? "The oil companies have proposed it should be fairly easy to make such a hole in salt by washing it out. Such a process, if you want to do it quickly, will take 2½ years and will cost a little over $10 million, which isn't terribly much but is quite a lot for one atomic test." And it is uncertain whether the hole that has been washed out can be used again.

What happens, however, to the salt water which has been washed out in order to make the hole? Well, it can be dumped into other holes! Or, it can be dumped into the sea, "but you have to have a sea at hand," Dr. Bethe points out, and "this means that only very small geographical regions would be available for this kind of concealment. This would make the job of the detecting agency very much simpler."

It could also be dumped into a river. "Suppose," Dr. Bethe asks, "you take one of the very big rivers like the St. Lawrence or the Ohio or the Columbia River. These, apart from the Mississippi, have by far the greatest flow of water. If you dump into one of these rivers the salt water from such an excavation, it will double the salt content of the river for one year. It would seem to me very strange that this could not be detected."

Now, Dr. Bethe has won the Nobel Prize; he is the discoverer of the sun's heat production mechanism and was a member of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee from 1956 to 1959. But even he would admit he could be wrong: The Russians *might* be able to test something, somehow, in secret. So let us assume they could. Where does that possibility lead? It leads the opponents of a treaty to guess that the Russians *would* test secretly because they *could*. But could they do it with "complete impunity"? Dr. Bethe speaks to this point: "Carrying out such tests in a clandestine way, in violation of an agreement, clearly is a very difficult and extremely slow operation. It would take years to make one test . . . and to make appreciable progress they would have to make a whole series of tests. If the series were made in one location, this could undoubtedly be detected without difficulty. So you have the added complication that you have to move from place to place and each time do it somewhere else for fear that the [monitoring] system will detect it."

Dr. Bethe's Prophecy

Why would the Russians cheat? They would cheat, Dr. Teller and Senator Symington and others seem to think, because they want to develop tactical nuclear weapons. If that is true, would it not make more sense for the Russians to accept the US proposal of February 11 (which they rejected) for abolition of the larger, above-ground tests but permitting continuance of underground testing? The Russians would not then be obliged to go to such extraordinary lengths to attempt concealment. Underground tests would be legal for all.

They would be legal, but would the US benefit most from them? It is hard to see how. "We already have a very large arsenal of tactical nuclear weapons," Dr. Bethe says, ". . . ranging from 20 or more kilotons down to one kiloton and to fractions of a kiloton. We have nuclear weapons of all sizes and shapes; heavy ones and particularly light ones. We are pretty sure that we are far ahead of the Russians in the small weapons field; and even if they make a lot of tests they will only barely catch up with us, and there is not very much more of real military value which we can learn."

If the negotiations break down and all nations are again free to exercise the right to test, it may not be underground testing of tactical weapons to which the Russians turn. They are more likely to resume the testing of large thermonuclear weapons, in Dr. Bethe's

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judgment, and "these are the ones of which we have to be afraid. These are the ones which threaten our homeland. These are the ones by which the Russians could at any time destroy the US by a surprise attack."

The Geneva talks at this moment are precariously balanced. They could fall either way. If they are to be successful, it will be necessary to fix our minds on essentials: Man has got hold of a terrifying power; its radioactive effects are irreversible and are passed on down the generations; this power has got to be brought under a supra-national and necessarily imperfect control, and the sooner the easier; a beginning must be made to reverse growing dependence on nuclear arms.

Those who want the US to take its foot off the brake and put it on the nuclear accelerator ought to be required to explain the risks inherent in the atomic anarchy that would result from resumed testing. How many nations must "catch up," and to what further dangers of nuclear war – premeditated or accidental – must the world be exposed before a ban would seem desirable to Dr. Teller? Within the past month, *Red Flag*, the authoritative journal of the Chinese Communist Party, has twice gone out of its way to say that a nuclear war might not be so bad after all; China is by far the world's most populous nation. Is it wise to delay an agreement, hoping that something will turn up, say in 10 years? Dr. Bethe has a prophecy: "Then we can be sure that China has nuclear weapons. And where, then, is our 100 percent assurance?"

West Virginia Primary

In 1928, only eight of West Virginia's 55 counties preferred Al Smith to Herbert Hoover, but most of the eight were counties with the lowest proportion of Roman Catholics in the population. The eight Northern and Eastern Panhandle counties where Catholics are the most numerous (averaging more than 10 percent)didn't go for Smith: Ohio County (29.9 percent Catholic), Hancock (24), Berkeley (14.8), Brooke (14.6), Harrison (13.3), Tucker (11.4), Mineral (11.2) and Marion (10.8).

In the light of much that is being written about the Kennedy-Humphrey primary fight May 10, it is interesting also to recall that Governor Smith received 6,000 more votes in '28 for the Presidency than did West Virginia's Protestant, native son – John W. Davis – when he ran as the Democratic Party's candidate four years earlier. And although West Virginia went Republican in both '24 and '28, Smith won the '28 primary, capturing 10½ of the 16 delegates from Sen. James E. Reed of Missouri, a Baptist. And Smith supposedly had two strikes against him – he was not only a Catholic, he was a "Wet" in a state where booze is considered the devil's best friend.

About five percent of West Virginia's inhabitants are Catholic, but only an estimated 35 percent are dues-paying Protestants, which is below the national average. How much religious backgrounds will affect the votes of the remaining 65 percent is any pollster's guess. Furthermore, no poll can accurately foretell how the mountain people who live in the cricks and hollers are going to respond to charges of bigotry. They tend to be nonconformist, and this rugged individualism coupled with respect for the rights of others to live as they please has resulted in "less of the deep-seated racial and religious prejudices characteristic of many Americans, both North and South," according to Roscoe Griffin of Berea (Ky.) College, a sociologist who has spent years studying the Appalachian South.

The state's speedy desegregation of its schools tends to bear this out. In many southern West Virginia coal camps, white and Negro miners have worked and lived side-by-side for years. And the United Mine Workers has never tolerated Jim Crow locals. This tradition could work in Senator Kennedy's favor if he can keep the underdog image he has created from fading.

The type of campaign of the two candidates also will influence the outcome. West Virginia, dazed by all the attention it has been getting, suffers from an enormous inferiority complex. West Virginians will go to fantastic lengths to prove their state isn't backward. A recent (and accurate) *Saturday Evening Post* article on the state's economic woes prompted statewide cries in favor of burning the writer at the stake. The candidate who succeeds in giving people a sense of self-respect and hope for the future will do well.

Senator Humphrey, despite the advantages, however small, of his religion and more militant New Deal past, faces one of the toughest fights of his life. The politics of West Virginia are not pretty: both sides have discovered that payola is prevalent. The odds at this moment are that Humphrey's fiery style of campaigning will overcome Kennedy's superior organization.

But it may be close and Kennedy could win. If he does, then political writers should be required – by law, if necessary – never again to tease the problem child they helped sire, the religious issue.

Toward a Rule of Law

When the United States adhered to the International Court in 1946, it did so with the reservation that the statute of the Court would not apply to disputes which are essentially within our domestic jurisdiction *as determined by the United States*. The first part of that sentence is a customary reservation; the last six words constitute the Connally Amendment. Senator Humphrey is asking the Senate to delete those six words. And last week, the Indian Ambassador to the US, Mahomedali Currim Chagla, prodded the Senate to take Mr. Hum-

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phrey's resolution seriously: "You will forgive my saying so, but I cannot understand how the United States can justify a piece of legislation which reduces the Court to a mockery and which effectively prevents any rule of law ever being established in the international field."

Wherein would the US be endangered by allowing the Court to decide whether a dispute falls within domestic or international jurisdiction? The Court is noted, indeed criticized, for its caution and restraint. The American Bar Association's Committee on International and Comparative Law is of the opinion that "complete withdrawal of the self-judging reservation [the Connally Amendment] would not expose the United States to undue risks. There are very real safeguards against the Court's taking jurisdiction over disputes the US regards as domestic [and] compared with the dramatic 'lift' that would be given the forces of peace and the rule of law by the US 'withdrawal' of its self-judging reservation, the risks involved are small."

International jurists and specialists in the United Nations agree with this appraisal. They do not believe that the Court could or would override the judgment of our government on whether any important case could be considered by the Court. Moreover, the US can withdraw from the Court on six-months notice; .and if it chooses, it can bring any disputed question before the Security Council where the veto power prevails.

Favorable consideration of the Humphrey resolution would not, of course, suddenly establish "the rule of law." The compulsory jurisdiction of the Court is limited. The Soviet Union and other Communist states have not accepted compulsory jurisdiction and are not likely to. However, the Court – so much neglected since its establishment, a fact constantly deplored by Mr. Hammarskjold – would gain prestige by the repeal. Nations might use it more frequently, including the US, which has used it less than allowable even with the Connally Amendment in force. And certainly by repealing that Amendment, the Senate would enhance American influence in the UN, a considerable inducement in the opinion of those who have regretfully witnessed the decline of US leadership in that organization.

Senator Murray Retires

Democratic Congressman Lee Metcalf, the exceptionally able captain of the 135-member, Liberal Study Group in the House of Representatives, is favored to win Sen. James E. Murray's seat in the US Senate from Montana. But John Bonner, former Governor, defeated for re-election in 1956, who made a last minute filing in the Montana race simultaneously with Murray's withdrawal, may get Murray's blessing as a rebuke to Metcalf and Rep. Le Roy Anderson, both of whom had previously dared to file against the aging Murray. Anderson, a reserve Army General and wealthy rancher whose one-quarter million dollars of crop loans has been widely publicized, will probably be in a nip-and-tuck battle for last place in the Democratic primary with John Mahan, lawyer and former National Commander of the VFW.

Orbin Fjare, one-time Congressman from eastern Montana, who was defeated after opposing federal funds to acquire the Yellowtail dam site, is expected to get the Republican nomination in a four-man field, but isn't likely to defeat the Democratic nominee in the November elections.

Senator Murray, the 84-year old millionaire who for 25 years has fought for full employment, social security, labor legislation, Missouri Valley resources development, "socialized medicine" and education, heard more than two hours of praise in the Senate when he withdrew. His decision to retire was as painful to the great old man as it was wise.

Lessons of Malaya

The decision of the Malayan Government that internal conditions now warrant the ending of the state of emergency that has plagued the country for the past 12 years is of special significance. It marks a signal defeat for the largely Chinese Malayan Communist Party and, more importantly, for the party's friends in Peking; it represents another healthy stride along the prosperous path that Malaya has trod since it won its independence from Britain on August 31, 1957; and it provides a further object lesson in the mutually advantageous relationships that can be maintained between colonial powers and former colonial territories when independence is given at the right time and in the right way. It also contains lessons for Asian Communist parties.

When the revolt began in Malaya in June, 1948, the Communists had everything but know-how. Government underestimation of their intentions enabled all but the principal leaders to slip off into the jungle. They dug up the arms they had cached after World War II. They had textbooks written by Marx, Engels and Lenin. Their intention was to set up a People's Democratic Republic. But, their leaders were men of little education. Mao Tse-tung's "thoughts" had not yet generated deeply into Southeastern Asia. Like the British authorities, the Malayan rebels were guilty of over-confidence, believing that they would win their war in three months. And they failed to understand a basic requirement laid down by Mao Tse-tung: that the Army should be used as a political weapon.

As a result, from 1948 until the end of 1951, the Communists' Malayan Races' Liberation Army, with a total guerrilla strength of about 8,000, was merely a

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terrorist organization. Against 1,275 Army and police killed in the fighting during this period, the Communists murdered, or abducted, 2,319 civilians. They burnt buses and taxis, slashed rubber trees, destroyed estate lines, seized identity cards, stole or extorted money and food, all acts calculated to alienate the people whom they should have been winning over. They behaved with the utmost barbarity not only to "rich landlords," as Mao would have prescribed, but to rubber tappers and mine workers and all classes among whom they should have been recruiting sympathizers.

Their errors were those of the Vietminh in Indo-China before 1950. In 1951, however, the Central Executive adopted Mao's tactics. A 14,000-word order prohibited all acts of sabotage, arson and intimidation "calculated to alienate the masses." It defined enemy targets in terms that were conventional and correct and ordered commanders to pay compensation for murders and other outrages committed by their gangs in the past. It proscribed an extraordinarily large number of targets and laid down a proper pattern of behavior for dealing with wounded and captured.

But this new look came too late. The expansion and consolidation of the mass organization, which the directive listed as the first requirement of the campaign, ran headlong into the Administration's determined and effective plan to isolate the jungle guerrillas from their village and town contacts.

There would have been no *coup de grâce*, however, if Britain had dragged its heels over independence, or if freedom, once won, had been squandered. This did not occur. Guided and assisted by the colonial power, Malaya moved toward sovereignty and beyond at a sober, yet rapid pace. Today it is reaping its reward.

Small Gunfire

The housing bill passed in the House of Representatives last week by a vote of 214-163 should not be confused with any serious effort to provide adequate shelter for those millions who still do not have it. This "emergency" measure is primarily a prop for the sagging construction industry. While the added $1 billion authorization for FHA and GI loans it provides is needed, the bill makes no basic changes in the federal housing law. It will not build more public housing to replace slums, or to meet the housing needs of the elderly or of middle-income families.

The "emergency" loan program would help the building trades and a few thousand home owners – if the President should sign it after it zooms through the Senate, as is anticipated. But cynics see it as tailor-made for an Eisenhower veto – an impressive sounding, billion dollar, veto, accompanied by a high-principled attack on "irresponsible spending" by the Democrats.

Aid to South Asia

In deceptively tame language, Sir Oliver Franks of Lloyds, Mr. Hermann Abs of the *Deutschebank*, and Mr. Allan Sproul, former president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, have written a provocative report on their six-week study mission to South Asia. The mission was inspired by a Senate resolution proposed last fall by Senators Kennedy and Cooper, and the findings of the three bankers will no doubt be Holy Writ for future pro-foreign aid forces in Congress and in the foreign offices of the West. Though refraining from precise recommendations ("a matter for governments"), their report calls for a "very substantial increase" in Western aid if development programs are to be carried out. It estimates that India will need $6.5 billion during the Third Five-Year Plan – exclusive of farm surplus assistance – and characterizes the targets on which her development programs are based as "relatively modest."

"If the assistance required were made available entirely in the form of long or short loans on normal commercial terms," the report observes, "the resulting debt-service liabilities would almost certainly impose an intolerable strain on the Indian and Pakistani balance of payments. This means that a substantial proportion of any aid provided would have to take the form of grants or loans not made on strictly commercial terms." The resources of the International Development Association will be too small for it to play more than a "minor role" in providing the needed aid for India and Pakistan during the next five years. And this means that "a substantial proportion would have to take the form of government-to-government assistance of one kind or another."

Eyebrows have been raised at the almost subliminal reference to "grants." The concept of an aid program based on loans has taken firm hold in Washington, but in New Delhi and Karachi the planners are beginning to realize that the accumulation of relatively short-term credits, such as World Bank loans, simply means putting off indebtedness from one Plan to the next and facing, in effect, a perpetual foreign exchange crisis. Indian Finance Minister Morarji Desai has pointed out that loan repayments and interest totalling $1.25 billion in hard currency will come due in the course of the Third Five-Year Plan.

Another significant feature of the report is its clear partiality for "government-to-government assistance on liberal terms" and the distaste expressed for transactions made on "strictly commercial terms." The commercial approach is that of the Adenauer Government, and Mr. Abs' stature as an adviser to the Chancellor gives cause for some hope that Bonn might yet move in the direction of development loans comparable to those extended by the United States.

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Watch Out for Grandpap

Pundits of many shades of opinion have wondered at the recklessness of the Eisenhower Administration in inviting the massive retaliation of old people by torpedoing the Forand bill that would have provided medical care for persons over 65 by raising social security payments. The usual comment is that there are 16 million Americans now past 65, and the vast majority of them are voters.

Nor is that all. An aged and ailing parent is a burden on many an American who is under 65 – just how many nobody knows, but probably several millions. Their resentment may be even more bitter and lasting than that of the old folks themselves, and it will not be directed exclusively toward the Republican politicians. Eisenhower, always adept at taking shelter when the political shell-fire begins to register on his position, has a splendid dug-out in the American Medical Association. He has already made it plain that he is supporting the profession in opposing "socialized medicine." And Nixon has said, "Me, too."

Accordingly, the profession itself must bear in part the onus of defeating the effort to ease what is not merely a burden on millions of families but one charged with a terrific emotional potential. When a man can feel that his wrath is righteous he is implacable indeed. A wage-earner, already pinched by the high cost of living, would be sunk completely by the surgical and hospital bill for repairing Grandpap's slipped disc; yet the old man will stoically bear the misery in his back rather than incur the humiliation of entering the charity wards. If he had a right to treatment, as a senior citizen, he would take it; but he prefers pain to charity.

The son's attitude, naturally, is that Eisenhower, by advice of the AMA, has condemned the old man to suffering, either in his body or in his pride. So the profession, as well as the politician, is the object of an indignation that the son feels is disinterested – not for himself, but for Grandpap.

The sophisticated can draw a distinction between the association and the profession. The voice of any tightly-organized body is seldom the voice of its membership, but rather that of a politically-minded group who have obtained control; and doctors are not different, in this respect, from veterans, or union men, or Daughters of the American Revolution. But the sophisticated are a minority. To the masses the AMA means all doctors.

Even the sophisticated, however, respond with a mild irritation to the use of the words "socialized medicine" as a sort of incantation. What other kind of medicine is practiced by any reputable physician? Hippocrates, not Eisenhower, socialized medicine when he swore his students to put the welfare of the patient ahead of their own profit. If the time ever comes when American medicine is not socialized, it will no longer be a profession, but merely a pill-peddlers' syndicate, commanding no more public respect than the Pants-Pressers' Protective League.

There are, to be sure, physicians – some of them highly skilled – who have become fee-seekers first and social servants afterward. But every one of that stripe is a blot upon the profession, more heartily condemned by his colleagues than by laymen.

It is curious to see how the history of such private organizations as the Blue Shield and the Blue Cross has been misinterpreted. Every one of these was originally organized on what was supposed to be a sound actuarial basis; but without important exception they have been compelled steadily to raise their rates. The response of the conservatives has been a great outcry against chiseling; but the alleged chiseling seems to be that the insurance plan has encouraged people to apply for medical or hospital care when they are only moderately ill, not when they are perfectly healthy. What the experience of these plans really proves is that the actuarial basis was wrong – that vast numbers of people who need medication or surgery have been going without it as long as their cases were not desperate.

If every citizen over 65 votes Democratic in November, it is a safe bet that the Republican Party will see the error of its ways and will reform speedily. The damage it suffers will probably be confined to one election. The resentment that the medical profession is stirring up cannot have any such spectacular expression, but for that very reason it may linger much longer. Perhaps it will not amount to much; but perhaps it will create a distrust that may be turned to account by demagogues who will persuade the people to vote for governmental interference with medical practice that will be really objectionable.

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If West Virginia Follows Wisconsin

What happened in Wisconsin on April 5 may contain a major clue to what will occur in West Virginia on May 10, when John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey will confront each other again. How much of the Wisconsin farm vote went to Senator Humphrey, how much to Senator Kennedy, how much to Vice President Nixon? How much of the Catholic vote went to Kennedy and how much to Humphrey and Nixon? How much of the Protestant vote went to Nixon and Humphrey and how much to Kennedy? To answer these questions, we selected a group of counties in which more than half of the population is rural-farm, another in which more than 90 percent is Protestant, and a third in which more than 40 percent is Catholic. We then computed what percent of the vote each candidate received in each group and plotted the result as follows:

WISCONSIN: PERCENT OF PRIMARY VOTE

Counties	*Kennedy*	*Humphrey*	*Nixon*
10 Catholic (40-64 percent R.C.)	50	21	29
16 Rural-Farm (6-29 percent R.C.)	29	43	28
8 Protestant (6-9 percent R.C.)	20	48	32

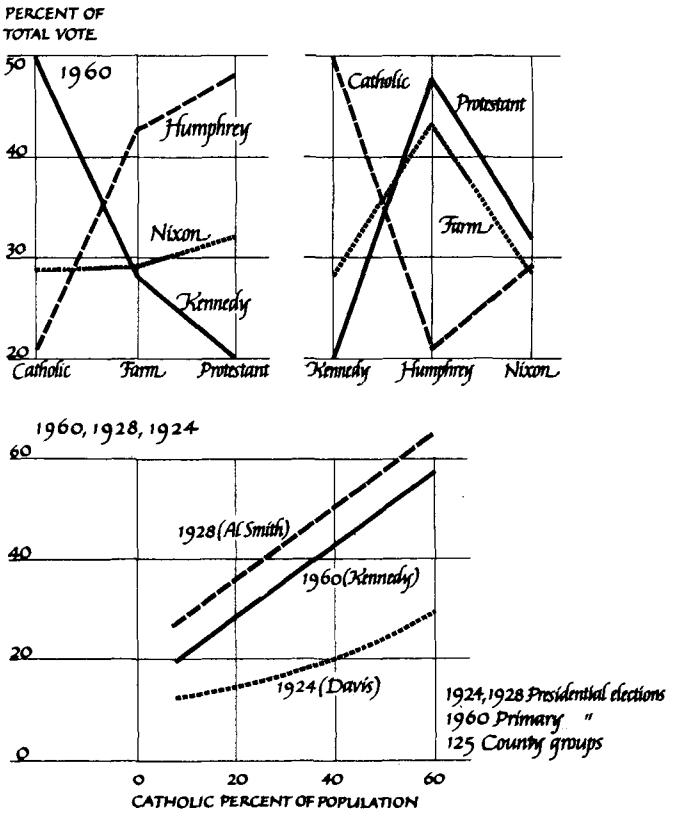
I don't think one needs any clearer evidence that the Wisconsin primary was essentially a Kennedy-Humphrey battle, with Nixon playing a neutral minor role and that the vote for the two main contenders divided strikingly on religious lines.

The graph opposite demonstrates that both Senator Humphrey and Nixon received larger percentages of the Protestant vote than of the farm vote. This reflects the fact that the populations of eight of the 16 farm counties are as much as 23 to 29 percent Catholic; which also explains why Senator Kennedy did better in the farm counties than in the Protestant ones where Catholics represent only 6 to 9 percent.

Turning to 1960 – if we draw a tentative comparison between a three-way primary and a two-way general election – Wisconsin voters responded in much the same way to Kennedy as they did in 1928 to Al Smith. Note how five groups of counties voted in the general election of 1924 for Protestant John W. Davis and in the general election of 1928 for Catholic Al Smith.

In an ordinary election, like that of 1924, the Democratic Protestant candidate gets greater support in the most Catholic counties than in the more Protestant (by 16 points). But in 1928 the Democratic vote for Al Smith increased sharply in each group, with a difference of 35 points between the most and least Catholic. Kennedy scored the same in 1960.

Wisconsin: 1960,, 1928 and 1924 Election Results



PERCENT OF TOTAL VOTE

Group	*Counties*	*Davis 1924*	*Al Smith 1928*	*Kennedy 1960*
1	8 Protestant (6-9% R.C.)	12	27	20
2	8 Rural Farm (6-16% R.C.)	16	30	22
3	8 Rural Farm (23-29% R.C.)	16	40	35
4	5 Catholic (40-48% R.C.)	21	55	45
5	5 Catholic (53-64% R.C.)	28	62	55

If West Virginia votes its religion similarly, Humphrey will do better there than he did in Wisconsin.

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The Soviet Union Rediscovers the US

It was one of the favorite sayings of the late Josef Stalin that the discovery of America could not be undone, meaning that one had to face facts, however disagreeable. However, American civilization has been discovered only recently in Moscow; the turning point came in 1955 but it took a couple of more years to train a new generation of Soviet American experts, and only in the last 12 months have the results of this new interest in the United States become obvious. Interviews with writers such as Erskine Caldwell or Hemingway are no more considered a daring venture by Soviet editors, and Moscow composers, back from a trip to America, have unequivocally stated that they prefer Benny Goodman to Louis Armstrong. The art critics have made it clear that they prefer the realist Andrew Wyeth to Jackson Pollock ("a maze of subjectivism").

The growth of interest is perhaps most striking in the field of contemporary history; until lately there was practically nothing on American history in the 19th and 20th Century apart from the works of William Z. Foster and similar specialists. Now, however, a volume of some 600 pages on the history of the CIO has been published, a huge two-volume history of America in the 20th Century has been announced for early summer, and half a dozen more monographs are either just out or about to come out. All this literature is more knowledgeable and sophisticated than the stuff published in the first postwar decade; occasionally it is also more objective, though for the time being the objective approach is the exception rather than the rule.

Take that enormous two-volume *Contemporary History* just published by the Higher Party School of the Central Committee of the Soviet Union. Franklin D. Roosevelt is defined merely as a "clever bourgeois politician"; his domestic and foreign policy was designed "to stabilize the position of American imperialism." America in the late thirties was in a state of "progressive fascistization." All in all there were some 750 Fascist organizations in the US in 1939; most of them "existed, and continue to exist, because their criminal political activities are financed by the great magnates of the United States – Morgan, Rockefeller, Mellon, Ford, Hearst and Dupont." It is a somewhat one-sided picture, to put it mildly.

On the credit side one ought to mention the appearance in the Soviet press of articles by Norman Cousins ("How To Live Without the Cold War") and Lewis Mumford ("The Moral of Mass Destruction"). Cousins and Mumford were congratulated for what the Soviets regarded as sane and realistic views, but Cousins' contention that national sovereignty would have to be restricted and the United Nations made into a world government of sorts has been coldly received and criticized in two long articles in the Soviet press. Any such plan would be tantamount to the isolation of the Soviet Union, it is said, and the realization of old imperialistic dreams. As a result the old label of "cosmopolitanism" has been stuck on Mr. Cousins, and, in a different context, on Stringfellow Barr and Lewis Mumford. "Cosmopolitan" is no longer a synonym for "enemy of the people" as it was under Stalin, but it still is a very wicked thing to be, and American liberals are called upon to mend their ways.

Generally speaking, all visitors to the Soviet Union are now welcome, but some are, not unnaturally, more welcome than others. The last issue of the leading monthly *Novy Mir* publishes a report on a meeting last year of a group of American writers and critics including Alfred Kazin, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Paddy Chayefsky and Edward Weeks with members of the executive of the Soviet Writers Union. Mr. Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is strongly commended for his "simple and sincere questions" (How many staff members are there on a Soviet magazine? And how are relations with the printers?). But the Soviet hosts were much less enthusiastic about the other members of the group whose questions were less simple and sincere.

These ups and downs and tergiversations in the Soviet approach to America make sense only in the wider context of "peaceful coexistence." That a lessening of world tension is thought desirable in Moscow seems now beyond question. But Soviet spokesmen have also made it absolutely clear in a great number of official and unofficial statements that they have not the slightest intention of extending peaceful coexistence to the ideological field: "The demand for an ideological truce is altogether unrealistic and can be pressed only by people who do not understand historical processes" says *Kommunist*. So far, so good – but then we are told that the Soviet ideological offensive promotes the fight for the realization of ideals common to all mankind and cannot possibly affect adversely relations between West and East. A Western ideological offensive, however, would be "defamatory propaganda, provocation, preaching of war, etc. and all this *even if it concerns ideological problems* is mere subversion, intervention in the internal affairs of another country." Or, as Georgi Zhukov put it the other day: "We do not want alien ideas brought into the Soviet Union by some Trojan horse." Since Mr. Zhukov is in charge of the cultural exchange program, his words are of interest.

WALTER LAQUEUR

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Voices from Downtroddendom

by John Updike

On a British-owned island in the West Indies recently, I read through an anthology of "schoolboy" stories – a genre special to the English, who take their schoolboys with a strange, hovering high seriousness. Some of the stories were jolly spoofs, but the most exciting and convincing were those nakedly concerned with inculcating the social virtues of endeavor, pluck, and fair play. The plot was always the same: a young lad, named Pip or Snip or Fudge or Pudge, by a mighty effort succeeded, though half-blinded by the flapping flags of School and Nation, in kicking the winning goal or bowling the innings that turned the tide. The title story of Alan Sillitoe's collection, "The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner," is squarely in this tradition, none the less squarely for being an inversion of it. The school is not Eton or Willows-in-the-Dale but an Essex Borstal; the hero, Smith, makes his mighty effort not to win the race but to lose it; the nation for whom he strives is not Green England but the black kingdom of Downtroddendom; and the vision with which he gives himself strength is that of his father's prolonged death of throat cancer.

The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner
by Alan Sillitoe
(Knopf; $3.50)

Now Mr. Sillitoe is a writer of great gifts, and Smith's inner stream of invective is often very beautiful: "They're training me up fine for the big sports day when all the pig-faced snotty-nosed dukes and ladies – who can't add two and two together and would mess themselves like loonies if they didn't have slavies to beck-and-call – come and make speeches to us about sports being just the thing to get us leading an honest life and keep our itching finger-ends off them shop locks and safe-handles and hairgrips to open gas meters . . . The pop-eyed potbellied governor said to a pop-eyed potbellied Member of Parliament who sat next to his pop-eyed potbellied whore of a wife . . ."

But it raises the question: Is a literature in which all the Haves are pop-eyed potbellies an improvement over one in which the Havenots are docile animals in livery or comic grotesques pottering around the street? The question would be irrelevant if the author did not go out of his way, in an unexpectedly awkward bit at the end, to associate himself with his anti-social hero: "And if I don't get caught the bloke I give this story to will never give me away; he's lived in our terrace for as long as I can remember, and he's my pal. That I do know."

It is not for me to doubt the hard lot of the English working class. It was the Industrial Revolution's first child, and took the worst she had to give. A visitor to England, especially to London or Oxford, seems to see two different races of men: the one pink and smooth, and gay; the other dwarfish, dark, and sullen. Yet on the evidence of the other stories in this book, one is led to wonder if a sense of alienation as logical and systematic as Smith's is not so exceptional as to be unreal. Elsewhere, there is this glimpse: "On the Sunday morning that my mother and father shook their heads over Chamberlain's melancholy voice issuing from the webbed heart-shaped speaker of our wireless set, I met Frankie in the street." This rings truer; Chamberlain's voice, remote and webbed, still has the power to sadden. For surely the discouraging thing, from the Marxist's point of view, about the English lower class is that they persist in believing they possess a share, a miserable, bitter share, in the nation. Throughout these stories, for that matter, the revolutionary spirit, where it is articulated, is done so by adolescents, and merges indistinguishably with the revolt against the Grown-

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ups. And the acquiescent state of old men is portrayed with a genius that cuts through categories of class.

It has taken an uncomfortable amount of space to get this worry off my chest, the worry, that is, that Mr. Sillitoe sometimes plays "tails" to Nancy Mitford's "heads." The comfortable duty remains of praising the author's artistry. It is great. The least of his nine stories is better than fair; the best are splendid. Monologues like "On Saturday Afternoon" and "The Disgrace of Jim Scarfedale" have a rasp, a comedy, a casually callous acceptance of misery that would be remarkable even without the poetic swing, snap, and surprise. They have a wonderful way of going on, of not stopping short (for instance, Mrs. Scarfedale's maternal tirade when her son threatens marriage) that lifts us twice, and shows enviable assurance and abundance in the writer. Now and then he fusses too much with *why* his narrators are telling the story, and occasionally, (as in "The Fishing-Boat Picture") seems embarrassed for an ending. To write endings worthy of these beginnings and middles must have been a technical challenge: the "turn" is too complacently bourgeois and the "dying fall" too languidly aristocratic. I liked best those endings in which the boy-narrator stood right up in his shabby shoes and explained what lesson he had learned, as if he were assembling a personal Bible out of scraps of sadness and folly blowing in the gutters.

In the third-person stories, the language is not always appropriate to the subject. "Mr. Raynor the School-teacher" is a sequence of words in perfect adjustment. The futile confusion within a classroom and the brutal fate of a pretty girl – "*timide et libertine et fragile et robuste*" – glimpsed from the window work in effortless parallel to convey the brooding over-presence of a slum. I was grateful, too, for "The Match": a piece of Saturday afternoon fog bottled for keeps. But in "Noah's Ark," the incident is smothered under rather aloof phrase-making, and "Uncle Ernest" is marred by intermittent niceties.

The dust-jacket mentions hundreds of poems and a hundred-thousand-word novel that Mr. Sillitoe has destroyed; and in the last story, "The Decline and Fall of Frankie Buller," we discover the author himself, wearing his own name of Alan, glumly contemplating the books he has read (or not read):

> "And so on and so on, items that have become part of me, foliage that has grown to conceal the bare stem of my real personality, what I was like before I ever saw these books, or any book at all, come to that. Often I would like to rip them away from me one by one, extract their shadows out of my mouth and heart . . ."

So would we all. The lack of connection between the experiences, usually accumulated by the age of 20, that seem worth telling about, and the sophistication needed to render them in writing, is the Unmentionable at the root of the mysterious Fall of so many auspicious writers. For a moment, the two intersect; the memories are fresh, the new tools are sharp, and a vivid imitation of life is produced. Then the memories recede, and the writer is left holding the tools. It may be merely distance, simplifying distance, that makes the Long-Distance runner seem a little too pure to be true. But Mr. Sillitoe's achievement is the measure of his shortcomings, and in his battle with his books he is well-armed with intelligence, humor, and life.

The Teething Ring

When I set out in the world, my boy,
Not a penny had I to my name.
I grubbed for every cent I got
And churned my blood to earn my lot
Till my leaping blood did curd and clot;
Now my poor heart has gone lame.
Set your sights quite low, my boy.

Father dear, I promise you
I will not aim too high.
But if I ever should fall short
I'll cling to scraps of sky.

When you pitch your tent on the beach, my boy,
At the shores of the scurrilous sea,
Beware the moon till you build your ark,
Gather seashells from dawn till dark,
Acquire a trade to weather the stark
And raving powers that be.
Then keep within your means, my boy.

Father dear, I promise you
I will not brave that sea.
With sun and moon for nearest kin
I'll parry bankruptcy.

Keep the bit between your teeth, my boy,
And when your mare comes round,
You'll make your cozy lair with her,
You'll have a bit to share with her,
You'll not forbear to marry her,
In your pure heart's chasm bound.
Just keep your feet on the ground, my boy.

Father dear, I promise you
I will not reach too far.
But if I ever pause for air
I'll swing from star to star.

LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

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Whom Does the Cavalry Support?

by Louis J. Halle

During the presidential campaign of 1948, our ambassador to one of the Latin American republics was lecturing a local cabinet member on the operation of democracy in the USA. He explained that big business supported Mr. Dewey, that labor supported Mr. Truman, and so forth. "And whom," asked the local statesman, "does the cavalry support?"

The question was relevant to the local, if not to the North American scene. A follow-up question, equally relevant to the local scene, might have been, "And who supports the cavalry?" The answer to it would be found in this book. The United States supports the cavalry. It does so through the Mutual Defense Assistance Programs.

Arms & Politics in Latin America
by Edwin Lieuwen
(Praeger; $4.75)

Why does the United States support the cavalry?

On the official record, the United States supports the cavalry because of the part it plays in the joint defense of the Hemisphere against the threat of Communist aggression. The cavalry is helping to hold the Red Army at bay.

Is the Red Army, then, threatening an attack on the Hemisphere?

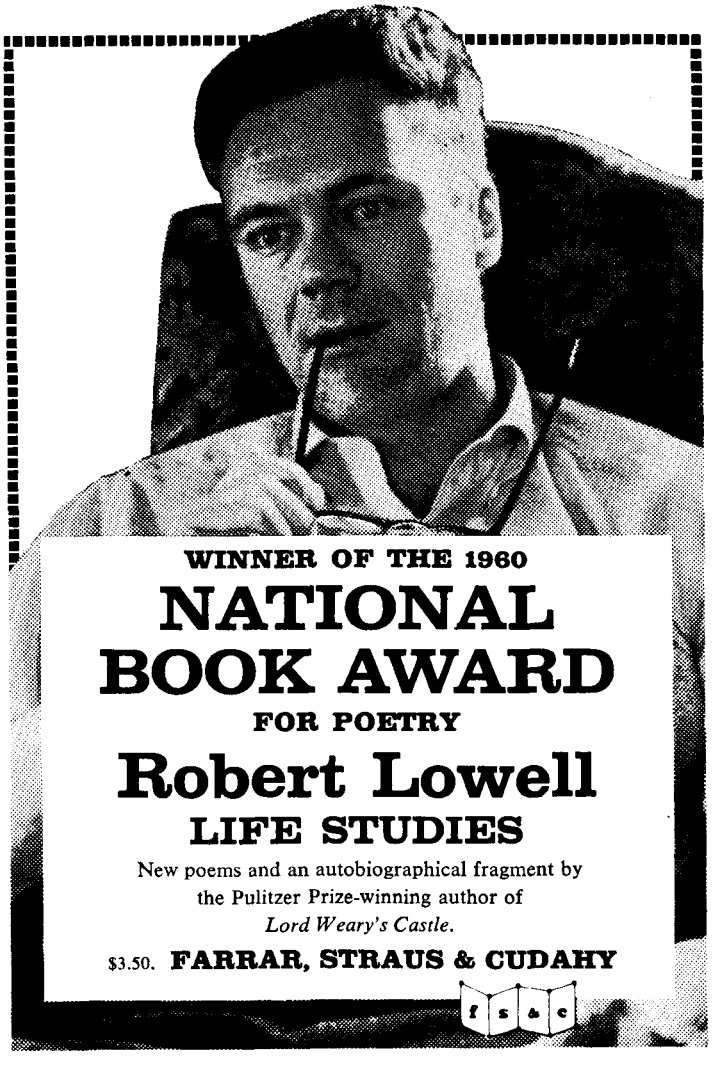
Speaking in confidence, at the moment it is not. It is being contained on the Eurasian continent by forces of which the Latin American cavalry is not a part. More than that, there is doubt even in Washington today that the Red Army intends military aggression anywhere. It is clear, at least, that the cavalry, the cabinet members, and the government to which they belong are not at all worried about the danger of any such aggression. They don't really believe in it, and for them it has no bearing on the cavalry's mission.

The truth is that Washington supports the cavalry, which supports the local government, which supports Washington in the great international conflict. Remove Washington's support and the government might be replaced by another government, one which might deliver the keys of the Hemisphere to Moscow. So the objective is defense against some sort of Communist aggression after all.

Dr. Lieuwen makes several convincing points, the most important of which is that, because we live in a world of dynamic change, a policy of supporting the *status quo* is better in the short range than in the long. Where such a policy requires the maintenance of military forces that, although having no effective role in defense against external attack, consume twenty-five to fifty percent of national budgets, then it may even weaken the countries it is supposed to strengthen.

If, at this point, the reader begins to experience sensations of indignation at the short-sightedness of that gang in Washington, he should be reminded of the dilemma that the United States has always faced in its relations with Latin America. The dilemma arises out of the fact that the Latin Americans used their independence (when Napoleon, in effect, made them a gift of it) to demonstrate their inability to govern themselves. The record has not been one of mere disorder; it has been one of chaos spiced with horror.

For three-quarters of a century, while the British Navy patrolled the surrounding oceans, the Latin American chaos was isolated from the world and could be disregarded. But when the *Pax Britannica* came to an end, when the United States had to assume responsibility for the defense of the Hemisphere, then it had to address itself to that chaos. In the world of international politics, there is nothing harder to deal with in a constructive manner than chaos. Our military occupations of Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Nicaragua, bad as they were in principle and even in prac-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tice, were better than what preceded or what followed. They gave these countries the only experience of law and order that they had ever had. The objective of the occupations was to establish this law and order permanently under native rule, and as quickly as possible, so that we could get our own forces out. We did this in part by organizing native military forces and attempting to indoctrinate them with the professionalism that instructs military men to stay out of politics. This did not work, as Generals Somoza and Trujillo, those ex-pupils of our Marine Corps, proceeded to demonstrate.

I suggest that neither would anything else have worked. You cannot give self-government to people who cannot self-govern. Under the circumstances, who can say that military rule has not sometimes been the best alternative?

Dr. Lieuwen does not fail to recognize the dilemma. He makes a convincing case, however, for the thesis that the Latin American chaos has been in process of evolution. Form has been emerging from it, as form emerged in Genesis I:1-3. The rate of economic and social development in Latin America, today, beats anything anywhere. The day approaches when large parts of Latin America will be industrially mature and powerful. When that day comes, the role of the cavalry, obsolescent for a generation now, will at last be obsolete.

All that Washington has been trying to do is to establish, in the midst of flux, stability. But this worthy intention has been leading it to identify itself with a *status quo* which is likely to be increasingly untenable. Witness Cuba.

Dr. Lieuwen's book is the product of a study sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations and confined, by its terms, to militarism in Latin America. It is thorough and well informed, although one can see in it the naturally polemical writer trying constantly to be dispassionate. One would like to see the Council enlist Dr. Lieuwen's services, now, for a study of United States policy with respect to economic and social development in Latin America. If he undertook such a study, it would be well for him to keep a leash on his own best instincts, instincts which make him want to believe (generally against his better knowledge) that massive aid can produce massive results, and that such aid can be based on a distinction which withholds it from the bad guys and grants it only to the good guys in Latin America. I would like to see such a study address itself to the following questions:

1. To what extent do the limits of their development limit the aid that these countries can absorb at any given time?
2. How can our assistance be made effective when the local government through which it has to be channeled is corrupt or inefficient?
3. If we embark on a six-year development program in the Republic of Marimba because it has a government of good guys, should we abandon that program the first time a government of bad guys takes over?
4. If we apply the moral test, whom will we cooperate with beside (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays) the Republic of Costa Rica?
5. What should we do when we need to have a missile-tracking station on territory under a wicked government that drives a hard bargain?

If Dr. Lieuwen did as good a job on such a study as he has done on his study of militarism, the new administration which will take office next January would have a basis for a thorough and much needed reconsideration of United States policy in Latin America.

A Woman's Letter to the World

by Iris Origo

The Other Journey
by Katherine Garrison Chapin
(Minnesota; $3)

In the most ambitious, and technically the most interesting, of the poems from which this book takes its title, Miss Chapin follows a double journey, within – towards the roots of man's history in the instincts of primeval man and the mysteries of Mediterranean rites – and also towards the roots of her own being. Another section, called *Poems at Ninfa*, centers around the little medieval city in the Pontine marshes where a deep green stream, once sacred to the nymphs, springs suddenly from underground – as clear and cool as that on which Sabrina spread her "amber-dropping hair." Other poems take us to Tuscany and Provence, to the Valley of the Kings and to Stonehenge, and there are some excellent translations.

My personal predilection, however, is with those of Miss Chapin's verses which are concerned with the climate of the heart: *Love-Poem in an Occupied Country, Refugee, With long remembered Light*, and with a small group in which the figure of a child is in the foreground: *Child and the Tide, The Chinese Deer, Small Boy and Bird*. This is a landscape of which the writer knows every tree and bough, and – avoiding all snares of sentimentality, she imparts to each delicately etched figure something of the precision and restraint of a painted Chinese scroll.

> "Through a colorless landscape in
> the last day of the year
> We walked in the Zoo. The stream
> was a frozen line
> Between black trees . . .
> Hunched bison and goat ignored
> your questioning eyes."

In an essay on *The Poetic Image* at the end of the book, Miss Chapin has suggested that one answer to the question "what does poetry bring to us" is simply that "the poet has been somewhere, seen and heard something that we have not. He comes back to tell us of it." In so far as he is successful, we are suddenly enabled to see a familiar experience with an eye that is not our own, to partake for an instant of what Keats called a "trembling, snail-horn" apprehension of beauty.

The writer of these poems is very conscious of woman's universal destiny: love, fear, grief – the "triumphant pain" of childbirth and the sterile pain of a child's loss, the loneliness of age and its consolations: she knows her bond with Iseult and Helen, with Penelope and Mary. But she has marked these familiar themes with her own stamp – delicate, serene, assured. This book is, in Emily Dickinson's phrase, "a woman's letter to the world."

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Genesis of a Detective

by Rex Stout

At a French headquarters in the Argonne during the first World War, General Humbert turned to the man next to him at the dinner table, a visiting Englishman, and demanded, *"À propos, ce Sherlock Holmes, est-ce qu'il est un soldat dans l'armée anglaise?"*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the visitor, hesitated a moment, then stammered, *"Mais, mon gênéral, il est trop vieux pour service."*

That incident from real life is reported in Vincent Starrett's book. Here is a bit of dialogue from a work of fiction, Forster's *A Passage to India:* " 'Yes, Rafi's the great man,' said Hamidullah, rubbing it in. 'Rafi is the Sherlock Holmes of Chandrapore. Speak up, Rafi'."

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes
by Vincent Starrett
(Chicago; $4.75)

Rafi was a Moslem schoolboy. Hamidullah was a Moslem lawyer. The three others present in the shabby little bungalow in Chandrapore were also Moslems – a doctor, an engineer, and a police inspector. Far away from 221B Baker Street both in space and in culture, but Forster knew that they all knew Sherlock Holmes.

There have been various attempts to answer the question, why is Sherlock Holmes the most widely known character in world literature, but no answer has been generally accepted. Why was he a living man to General Humbert? Why are more people in all corners of the globe familiar with that fantastic bloodhound than with Achilles or Cinderella or Hamlet or Tarzan?

His creator, if he were still around, certainly couldn't tell us. Mr. Starrett quotes a passage by Conan Doyle in his memoirs, explaining why he had decided to write *The Final Problem*, in which Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty tumble over the precipice to their death in the chasm of Reichenbach Falls: "I saw that I was in danger of having my hand forced, and of being entirely identified with what I regarded as a lower stratum of literary achievement. Therefore . . . I determined to end the life of my hero." And his later decision to resurrect his hero was caused not by any change in his regard for Sherlock Holmes as a man who deserved to live, but by the pressure of public demand and the lure of extravagant offers from publishers.

So why? The best place to seek your answer is of course the stories themselves, but the next best is this book by Vincent Starrett. Though it quotes here and there a few brief passages from the stories, it is not a book about a writer or what he wrote, but a book about a man named Sherlock Holmes who lived and worked in 19th-Century London. The longest single quotation is not from the stories at all, but from Conan Doyle's pamphlet, *The Case of Oscar Slater*, a brilliant analysis of the facts and the trial in an actual murder case, demonstrating that the convicted Slater was innocent – as was officially acknowledged 19 years later, when he was released. Mr. Starrett quotes from it to show that it is "the veritable accent of Holmes, talking to the faithful Watson."

The book is not what the jacket calls it, a "biography of Holmes." Its longest chapter is devoted to the landlady, Mrs. Hudson, with various surmises and speculations – did she own or rent the house at 221B? How did she cook ham and eggs? Why did she let the King of Bohemia climb the seventeen steps and enter unescorted? There is a chapter on the cases handled by Holmes and mentioned by Watson but never reported by him – 55 of them are listed, including of course The Giant Rat of Sumatra and The Affair of the Politician, the Lighthouse, and the Trained Cormorant; a chapter on the portrayers of Holmes on stage and screen in many countries, and the parodists who have caricatured him, including Mark Twain, Bret Harte, O. Henry, James M. Barrie, and Stephen Leacock; a chapter on the Baker Street Irregulars, with accounts of the founding of that scholarly organization by Christopher Morley and of its first state dinner, among those present being Elmer Davis, Alexander Woollcott, William Gillette and Frederic Dorr Steele, and with a list of its "scion societies" in 33 cities, including Paris, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and Tokyo; and the last chapter is a Holmesian pastiche by Vincent Starrett himself entitled *The Adventurer of the Unique "Hamlet."* Un-canonical and un-Conanical, as Mr. Starrett says; it has the true Watsonian flavor, but brows may lift at the weather – "It was a glorious morning in the spring, with a fresh breeze and inviting sunlight . . ." What, no fog? No dun-colored veil over

HEAR:

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- Gov. G. Mennen Williams
- Walter P. Reuther
- Norman Cousins
- A. Philip Randolph
- Dr. Israel Goldstein
- Dr. Harold Taylor
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the housetops? No mud for the passing hansom cabs to splash in?

But also there are chapters on Holmes' conception and delivery, on his methods, habits, temperament, likes and dislikes, and his writings. Naturally nothing in them will be new to one who has read the stories, but Mr. Starrett has so deftly and attractively assembled in small space a multitude of data scattered throughout the sixty stories that even a student of the canon will feel himself refreshed. Mr. Starrett also cites tributes from men of taste, for instance T. S. Eliot's comment on Maurice Leblanc's *Arsène Lupin vs. Herlock Sholmes:* "What greater compliment could France pay to England than the scene in which the great antagonists, Holmes and Lupin, are lying side by side in deck chairs on the Calais-Dover packet, while the London Commissioner of Police walks up and down before them all unsuspecting?"

And William Bolitho:

> "Sherlock Holmes is the fog in that crying old street, Baker Street; the glow of sea coal in the grates, where the English servant brings in to you tea and muffins, and snug napkins of odorous toast. He is . . . the mystery of the house opposite; of the grubby little shop around the corner you noticed and wondered about; of the old, old lady, half perceived in her shining brougham, who passes through empty Eaton Square every Wednesday afternoon. Sherlock is he who answers when you ask the air, Who lives there, I wonder? What is the story behind that drawn blind in London? . . . From him you may expect something much too subtle to be advertised. Cabs slurring through the mud, sounds and sights and presences of the old nineties in Baker Street – that time and that place which above all thought itself final, and that nothing different was ever going to happen again."

That is eloquent and true, but it is not, I think, a satisfactory explanation of why Sherlock Holmes is the most widely known character in world literature. The only explanation that satisfies me is quite different; but this piece is about Vincent Starrett's book, not about my sagacity.

To Be, or Not to Be, an Obstetrician

by Susan M. Black

If medicine is your cup of blood, this is your book. *The Interns* is about a group of people affiliated with a New York City hospital, its service chiefs and attending physicians, nurses and residents, but primarily its interns.

None of the protagonists in the author's first, highly-praised novel (*Entry E*, 1958) got through his junior year at Hayden (Yale) University. Mr. Frede's object in his second novel is to get his seventeen interns through the difficult year in which they must put into practice the theories preached at the medical schools. As the story progresses (if that's the verb I want) several drop out: one comes down with TB, one with mononucleosis and a third with a nervous breakdown; another tries the abortion business (a wife tries suicide), but surprisingly most of them make the grade. I say surprisingly because their interest in their patients often runs a distant third to their interest in: (1) getting a desirable residency for the year ahead, and, (2) getting a girl, for the very immediate if not always the lasting future. The medicos are types; let them remain nameless. The publishers have had the foresight to list the hospital staff at the book's end; for this the reader should be grateful.

The Interns
by Richard Frede
(Random House; $4.95)

Mr. Frede's novel has no hero, but two villains: subject matter and style.

Second things first: the style. This is no ordinary writing, it's rhetoric. If Mr. Frede had deleted the words "but," "and," "because," "not that," "yet still," "thus" and "at least" from his manuscript, his book might be half its present length. In *Entry E* the author called attention to his writing by giving us a great deal of dialogue between the narrator (one of those ill-fated Hayden-Yale juniors) and his better self, referred to as The Third Person. It was an effective tour de force; dialogue is Mr. Frede's talent. In *The Interns* style screams for an unusual amount of attention by means of another device: the repetition of a word or a phrase. On one page the word "he" is used 41 times, the word "him" a dozen.

However, the real villain is the subject matter. If the modern novelist dotes on bars or the boarding schools as locales for his story, perhaps it is because here he finds man reflecting on life. The battlefield and the hospital have always been popular too, for here is where life is so often lost.

But Mr. Frede limits himself to the ailments of the patients. The divergent diagnoses and treatments by the doctors, and descriptions, no matter how detailed or technical, cannot be a novel's primary concern. Why must men suffer? Why must men die? Two of the novel's patients are young women with whom the interns become emotionally involved, and so the questions become: Why does *this* attractive girl suffer? Why must *this* young girl, who wants only to live, die?

Only in the case of Mr. Kronkauer, an old and incurably ill man who wants to die but keeps on living, does the author begin to get into a question of more profound and general interest – the ethics of mercy killing. Kronkauer is challenging and unnerving, for he will not leave the doctor-patient relationship alone. He worries it, expecting and demanding his doctor to be responsible to him as a human being. However, the author shifts quickly from the ethics of hastening the death of the terminally ill who are in great pain ("I may decide to live. But I may not decide to die") to "who done it" when Kronkauer is found dead of unnatural causes.

To be, or not to be? Mr. Frede's young doctors are preoccupied with more pressing queries: To be, or not to be an obstetrician . . . To give, or not to give a spinal . . . Whether 'tis more expedient to be off duty on Christmas night or New Year's Eve . . . ? I understand that Columbia Pictures purchased *The Interns* (before publication) for $75,000.

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My Country, My God, and Me

by Patrick O'Donovan

This, at first sight, is an autobiography in the traditional and grand manner. "I was born," it starts, "in the city of Cincinnati in 1901. Queen Victoria was still alive." The servants have all retired. With a sigh of pleasure one pours another glass of port, settles in the tapestried, wing-back chair and waits for the clock in the hall to stop striking midnight before one goes on. If you see what I mean.

Ostensibly it follows that trampled pleasant path. The suspiciously well remembered childhood in the huge house – the night fears of the privileged – Nanny – the rather frightening parents – parties and friends – the eccentric schools – the time-gilded universities – foreign travel – wild oats – marriage and a career. There were early struggles (with a refusal to depend on Father). Then came success of a fascinating, complicated, slightly secret sort. There came disillusion, dignified retirement and a Jamesian exile. It ends with thoughts on my country, my God and me.

Name and Address
by T. S. Matthews
(Simon and Schuster; $3.95)

On this level alone the book is fascinating. It is a marvelous *genre*, though today such books are usually the product of the aging English upper classes. Much more than newspapers, these books are the stuff of social history. But this is American, and Mr. Matthews' father ended as Bishop of New Jersey. It is undeniably tempting to peek into the lives of the American Higher Clergy and here it is:

> "Daddy was a special kind of clergyman called a Dean, and his church was just across the street from our house. Only it was not a church but a cathedral. I always thought of it as Daddy's cathedral, though Charlotte informed me that it was not Daddy who owned it, but the Bishop. It was a graceless, soot-blackened brownstone Victorian building, whose squat unfinished towers barely topped the gable of the nave, with a grimy rose window between, looking down on broad stone steps leading up to the big door."

I find such stuff irresistible. And justifiably so. It is not a desire to find out how the other half live, but a passionate preoccupation with the rare and the complicated and the unattainable. On this level alone the book stands and justifies itself.

But this is not merely a civilized autobiography in traditional manner. It is an attempt to examine and even to correct a near lifetime. It is an attempt to write, in the ecclesiastical or Marxist sense, a confession.

This not an easy thing to accomplish. Art and honesty are not enough. A few have achieved it purposely – St. Augustine and Boswell in their different ways.

But this book is an act of expiation. Lovingly and painfully there is the writer's relationship with his parents. Daily breakfast with the Bishop becomes a dreadful ordeal of too much food and silence and occasional terror. His mother foots the table with tears in her eyes. The Bishop appears to be the villain.

There is a brief account of the author at the age of 19 touring for days the English Cathedrals with his father. It was done in almost utter silence. The author was appalled by his own resentments that imposed the silence. His father reported to his mother "what a lovely time" they had had. One's heart goes out to the Bishop.

And so it goes on. He joins *The New Republic*: "I never intended to be a journalist; I meant to be a great writer." The

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remark is intended as one of humility rather than of unspeakable arrogance. He liked the *NR* – on the whole – but found it trying. Yet any young literate with the gift of words and the sort of education that Mr. Matthews had under his belt should not have found it all that troublesome to get started.

Of course, he made it in the end. He moved onto *Time* Magazine. And here is the *bonne bouche* that the American press has delighted in. Here is, almost in the *Time* manner, the inside story and the *exposé* of Mr. Luce.

Recently we have grown accustomed to these expiatory books by *Time's* staffers. (Mr. Emmett Hughes, Mr. Thomas Griffith come to mind.) Why do they stay so long? There are other paths of honor and financial gain even in journalism if *Time* cannot satisfy. And here *Time* gets the Bishop's treatment. And again one is almost sorry for Mr. Luce faced with such a formidable grandee as Mr. Matthews.

(Mr. Matthews once, in London, asked me to quite the most spectacular literary party I have ever attended. In the British manner, there were few introductions. It was not a riotous party. At one moment a tall man in a corner bent over a sick man in a wheel chair. "My name is Eliot," he said. "Mine's Carey," the other replied. At least I think they did.)

So, in the end one is left uncertain. Undoubtedly Mr. Matthews has the highest standards that have been exacerbated by an aristocratic background that expects only the best possible. He is in search of God or of his various substitutes. He writes a masterly prose. He can be very funny and decently sad. The details are fascinating. One is regretful when one comes to the last paragraphs. And the last paragraphs are a curious confession that the book is a failure, not at all what he had intended.

Normally, particularly in *Time*, the unsuccessful writer is sent back to his desk and told to rewrite until he gets it right. But this book will do as it stands. The book exists on two levels. It is fine as autobiography though a little off the beaten track. As a confession it is an admirable and, on the whole, a humble failure. If I have seemed to review it with disparagement, it is only because Mr. Matthews has aimed so high and I have tried to take him at his own evaluation.

America as a Model for Others

by Charles Burton Marshall

I heard recently a prediction of the admission of the Falkland Islands as hundred-and-fiftieth member of the UN General Assembly in 1970. It sounded only moderately facetious. Self-determinism has become virtually a political absolute of our time, and there is no telling how far the multiplication of states may go. New states are arriving on the scene in half-dozens nowadays, and each, however necessitous it may be, asserts high goals of amelioration and development and reflects big ideas regarding the potential of technology to fulfill them. Their successes and frustrations will make up a major portion of the next century's history. The importance for us will clearly be profound. How we can affect the course of these new states is less clear.

The Future as History
by Robert L. Heilbroner
(Harper; $4)

The Stages of Economic Growth
by W. W. Rostow
(Cambridge; $3.75)

A generalized notion of serving as a political prototype for colonies emerging into nationhood has been a long-standing assumption of Americans in regard to their country's historic role – an assumption now clouded by doubt. After all, how could America hope to serve as institutional model for nations denied its measure of luck – a full inheritance of political ideas to start on, a continental expanse replete with unvested wealth to fill, and an opportunity to draw hugely on trained talent from abroad in developing it? Yet the question cannot be shrugged off. To be powerless to project an example – to have no helpful precepts to communicate to the emerging world – would be a bitter irony for a nation with such claims to greatness as ours.

W. W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth* and Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Future as History* propound quite different views of the matter. On the surface the two books have much in common. Both authors are economic historians venturing into prediction and policy by seeking lessons from the broad record of development since the onset of the effort to apply science, through technology, to the management of environment. Both write engagingly. Heilbroner, however, deeply doubts the relevance of the American example and produces stoic advice, whereas Rostow regards the American case as dominant example and offers an array of buoyant suggestions on this premise.

Rostow's book embodies lectures given at Cambridge University a year and a half ago. They were widely quoted and remarked on at the time. Some of the main thoughts are reflected in a recent study done for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The extent to which his concepts have been infused into the terminology of foreign aid amply demonstrates the attractiveness of his ideas.

Analysis might well begin with a point stated well along in his book – the danger to all human existence and endeavor inhering in the uncontrolled possession of prodigious weapons dispersed among a growing number of nations. The ideological cleavage of the world presents an obstacle to the system of international control based upon adequate inspection required to alleviate this danger. A closed society is incompatible with the inspection essential to adequate control. An open society is incompatible with what the Soviet rulers conceive to be the requirements of their society. Hence it is necessary to alter the ruling views in the Soviet area – to change the preferences and estimates underlying Soviet policy. The considerations which are now producing the cleavage must be superseded by other considerations; the divisive purposes overtaken by purposes not divisive.

Hope lies in understanding the rise of nations to economic success in the modern world – and in acting upon that understanding. The key is the degree of acceptance and application of technol-

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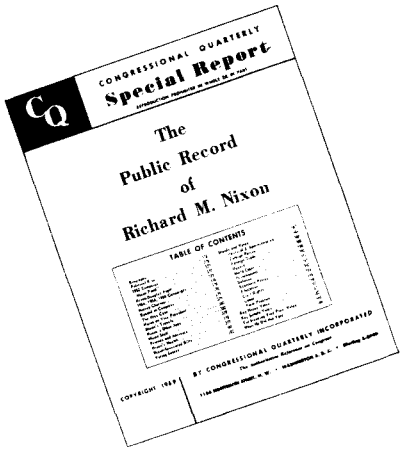
ogy and the extent of its achievement in producing goods, and the measure is investment. In the apathy of a traditional society, the idea of technological altering of environment is negligibly understood, accepted, and practiced. The introduction of technology in some sectors sets the economy into an upward motion – inducing changes in other sectors, widening the opportunity for investment. The next stage is the takeoff, where the changing economy has begun to produce significant internal resources for investment, supplying its own requirements for expansion. Then comes maturity – with the increment for investment and growth a firmly established factor zooming along on its own momentum. This leads on to a zenith marked by high mass consumption and the production of goods and services in a plentitude approaching redundancy.

The model for classification is drawn from the experience of advanced industrial nations. The postulate is that all nations can follow the course. No law of history forces them along it; they must progress by rational choice and endeavors. They need great outside help to get going; out from the takeoff stage onward, the process generates its momentum. It is up to nations to understand this, do what it takes from one step to the next, and overcome the temptation to be diverted into external aggression.

The operative element taking hold in the third and coming into its full in the fifth stage is compound interest – an expression of the idea that the economy can and does generate its own ongoing growth. The crucial thing is to get this going at what Rostow describes as a built-in factor of the economy. His general idea is that this requires investment at a rate equivalent to ten percent of the product of the economy and that the increment of production will be to this investment in a ratio of one to three.

The thing to do is to foster among the fledgling societies independent and strong states with an appetite for modernization and a will to get on the production escalator all the way to the top. Our role is to boost them along in the earlier stages with capital required beyond what can be spared from their own meager resources. The Soviet Union, its vision corrected, is to take the same general attitude. The competition now known as the cold war is to be transformed into a rivalry over which side can do the most to get all the nations propelled into economic success irrespective of their political choices. Sometime, after each has established itself at a high level and has margins for choosing, a consensus can be arrived at as to which side of the cold war is right.

There is something for everybody in these ideas – for the fledgling countries a sure ride to the top; for us the satisfaction of seeing the whole world follow us up the escalator; for the Reds a dignified opportunity to put aside mischievous errors for right premises, and for all an alleviation of the threat of annihilation. It is surely no part of criticism to spurn an idea for sounding too good. I should hope he is right. What causes me to keep my fingers crossed, however, is that he makes it sound all so simple. Investment and production are the thing. Attend to these, and, implicitly, everything else will fall into proper place. All the tragic lags and inhibitions – the apathy and fatalism – that are a drag on so many of the necessitous new societies are somehow obscured by the



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charts and marshalled data. It is just as if it were necessary only to get steam up in a big engine called a process.

For all the lore brought in to support the argument, I cannot discern a firm theory in it. It seems to me to boil down to a counsel that the way to reach the top is to keep climbing and that the way to get ahead is to get ahead.

The Heilbroner book, reflecting a capacity for brilliant abstraction revealed in the author's earlier work, *The Worldly Philosophers*, plays around with the ideas of progress, freedom, optimism, history, and its forces, and so on, with emphasis on the American versions – all with an outlook more dour than Rostow's. History is that perspective on cumulative experience giving life and the world their character; freedom is the capacity and opportunity to work one's will in history; progress is the unfolding of history in a way to enhance freedom; the forces of history are those factors beyond reach of our will but within the orbit affecting us, and optimism is a view giving high estimate to the portion of freedom in history and equating the movement of its forces with the idea of progress.

Missing from the philosophy of optimism, he writes, "is a conscious recognition of the special circumstances of history from which it arose and about which it generalizes." Such optimism fails "to see itself as the product of a unique and sheltered historic experience which could not be enlarged into a model for all historic experience irrespective of its setting."

Out of "an historic experience in which our conscious efforts to 'make' history coincided with and were aided by the movement of history," we have been misled by optimism "to overestimate the degree of our freedom in history." Optimism also has instilled in us a simplistic idea of "technical progress solely in terms of the enhancement of man's productive powers . . . rather than in terms of the social repercussions of technology which may well be its principal impact upon us in the present and future."

Optimism takes a considerable beating but is still breathing at the end, sustained by stoic resignation and by Heilbroner's insistence that at some long last things are bound to work out right. What lies ahead for the underdeveloped societies, commencing their "movement away from the squalor and apathy which three-quarters of the human race still consider to be life," is described as "tragic" and "a protracted ordeal," and "the humanist spirit of the West will feel most betrayed by the violence and excess which will likely accompany its course." The tragedy can only be deepened and made irremediable by abandonment of the "distant vision of progress" and surrender to indifference and cynicism. Only with fortitude and understanding will it be possible to avoid "a black and bitter pessimism" or a futile " 'heroic' defiance" and to preserve "from the ruthless onslaught of history's forces the integrity of the very idea of progress."

Heilbroner paints the future not with Rostow's bright strokes but in blacks and somber browns and with just a touch of distant gold. I do not know of a better essay on the confrontation between the American character and the exterior world. I have found it worthwhile to read it through three times already and shall probably return to it many times in the future.

The Many Costumes of Love

by Frank J. Warnke

In *Clea*, the final volume of his *Alexandria Quartet*, Lawrence Durrell abandons the larger concerns of *Mountolive* to return to the dissection of love which occupied him in *Justine* and *Balthazar*. As in these first two novels, his narrator is Darley, the impecunious and emotionally vulnerable young English writer whose affair with the enigmatic Justine has set the whole sequence in motion.

Clea
by Lawrence Durrell
(Dutton; $3.95)

But there is an important difference. Whereas the first three novels covered the events of a single time sequence – *Justine* from Darley's point of view, *Balthazar* from that point of view as corrected by Balthazar's different knowledge, *Mountolive* from an omniscient point of view – *Clea* is a true sequel in time. Darley's return to Alexandria from the Greek island on which he has been pondering the complexities of love becomes not only another excursion into the ambiguity of human motives and relationships but also, for the first time, an application of time's acid to the heavily encrusted materials of memory.

There are, of course, the narrative reversals to which Durrell has accustomed us. The novelist Pursewarden, whose suicide remained unmotivated in *Balthazar* and was explained in *Mountolive* as the result of a conflict between personal and political loyalties, is now shown to have killed himself because of his incestuous love for his beautiful blind sister. And his dicta on literature, society, and love, revealed in the notebooks which Clea shows Darley, end by making him one of the dominant figures in the tetralogy. But essentially *Clea's* transformations of previous reality take place in the dimension of time. Returning to an Alexandria saturated with the memory of his two loves, Darley finds that both have evaporated. Melissa, his dead mistress, has become "less than a scent or a flavour . . . simply one of the many costumes of love," and Justine, now living in enforced retirement because of the political conspiracy described in *Mountolive*, has lost all hold on his emotions.

He has been seemingly freed from the past when he again meets Clea, the beautiful painter who appeared at the end of each of the earlier novels as a kind of principle of charity opposed to the sad and driven sensuality which is the climate of Durrell's Alexandria. The love of Clea and Darley has a serenity which contrasts with all the previous phases of Durrell's anatomy of sex. Holding her in his arms, Darley thinks of the mutability of life in words quoted from one of the characters of *Justine:* "At the most I hold in my arms something like a fountain of flesh, continuously playing, and in my mind a rainbow of dust." *Memento mori*, with a vengeance! But, a few paragraphs later, in one of the book's most telling strokes,

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Durrell reverses the direction of the symbol: "The buoyancy of a new freedom possessed me like a draught from what the Cabal once called 'The Fountain of all Existing Things' . . . I knew that Clea would share everything with me, withholding nothing – not even the look of complicity which women reserve only for their mirrors." The mutable fountain of mortal life is transformed, by the alchemy of a love which is positive and undemanding, into the eternal fountain of Godhead. At the same time, the final image, the mirror, expresses a transcendence of the self-contained, self-reflecting love which is explored in *Justine*, whose heroine is always associated with the mirror symbol.

There is Platonism, of course, in this resolution of the dilemma of love, but, as the furious attacks on English and Jewish puritanism in Pursewarden's notebooks imply, it is Platonism in the sense of John Donne, not in the fashionable pseudo-ascetic sense of the Renaissance courts. The freedom of the body is necessary to the freedom of the soul, and the love which that freedom generates is in turn the condition of artistic creation (for *Clea* is as much a book about the making of an artist as about the nature of love).

In comparison to its predecessors, *Clea* is meagerly plotted, tending, after the great digression of Pursewarden's notebooks, to be almost anecdotal in its structure. When I read the first three parts of this quartet I was struck by their possession of qualities not frequently found together – vitality as novels of character and incident and a remarkably rich poetic texture. Retaining the poetic features of the earlier books, *Clea* seems almost deliberately to abandon their vigorous characterizations and strong narrative drive. In a sense the abandonment is inevitable. "In the end everything will be found to be true of everybody," Pursewarden says in *Balthazar*, "Personality as something with fixed attributes is an illusion – but a necessary illusion *if we are to love!*" *Clea*, the most philosophical component of the quartet as *Justine* is the most poetic and *Mountolive* the most dramatic, elucidates a truth beyond the illusions of character and passion but it never forgets that this truth can only be apprehended in terms of these illusions. Still haunted by the past, Clea and Dar-

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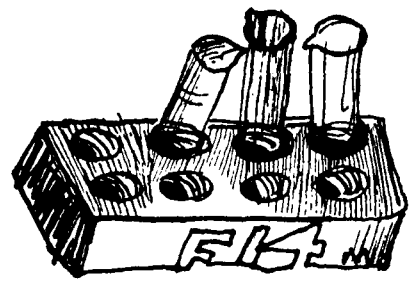

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ley prove incapable of sustaining the transcendent serenity of their love until a final emblematic episode (which displays once again Durrell's gift for melodrama) equips them to leave Alexandria, worthy at last of love and art. While swimming underwater, Clea is accidentally speared in the hand by the harpoon she has inherited from the dead Narouz, that violent and passionate man whose hopeless love for her figured in *Balthazar* and *Mountolive*. Trapped underwater, she is only released when Darley mutilates her hand to free her. The ritual rebirth from the depths of passion has another consequence: her new artificial hand turns her into a true artist.

With *Clea*, then, Lawrence Durrell's four-part novel ends. A *coda* tells us, in a deliberately Dickensian way, the destiny of the novel's main characters, and a final page of Durrell's familiar "workpoints" suggests not only that the entire narrative sequence could be re-told from yet new angles of vision but also that the truth of *Clea* is perhaps no more final than that of the other three books. One must, I think, recognize that he has created a new kind of novel – and one of the few really important works to come out of England since the war.

Politics as Conflict and Compromise

by Everett C. Hughes

Dr. Hastings Banda, the Messianic leader of the people of Nyasaland in their fight for political independence, last month thrilled an audience on the campus of his Alma Mater, the University of Chicago. The middle-class Americans, Negro and white, in the front rows were moved as much as the African and American students, of all races, in the back. The Negro Americans evidently connected the cause of the dark peoples of Africa with their own. But for them, and for the other Americans in the hall, Dr. Banda seemed something more than a speaker for freedom. He was a reincarnation – a literate and sophisticated one – of that disappearing American, the eloquent man with a cause to plead and fight for. Some of the Negroes in the audience seemed a little embarrassed at the more fiery parts of the speech, as they might be if a pastor of one of their middle-class churches were suddenly to start shouting in the old-fashioned way. But they, and their white neighbors, were stirred and perhaps a bit frightened. In Africa, the fight for democracy, or at least for freedom from control by white men, is still really a fight; and it is still in that exciting phase in which political and religious passions are fused.

Political Man:
The Social Bases of Politics
by Seymour Martin Lipset
(Doubleday; $4.95)

I went to Dr. Banda's meeting straight from the reading of *Political Man*. The general import of the book is that democracy, in those countries where it works best, has become a bit of a bore. The great causes have been argued, the epic battles won. True, Negro American students, accompanied by a few white ones, are sitting-in for the privilege of being served hot-dogs sitting down. But these protesting students are well-fed (they're not begging for hot-dogs), well-dressed and soft-spoken. Besides, they are young and expected, within limits, to thumb their noses at the conservatism of Mr. Thurgood Marshall and other middle-aged people. They do not weaken Lipset's hypothesis. Perhaps they support it, for – in comparison with some of the causes to be won – this must appear a clean-up operation. In any case, Lipset – in his last chapter, "A Personal Postscript?" – seems to reveal that he himself would like a little excitement and that he, too, like Dr. Banda's audience, thinks that Africa and the rest of the underdeveloped world might give us Western democrats our new cause. For, while we are in that comfortable, if not beautiful or picturesque, condition of bulging in the middle, which is supposed to be necessary to democratic government and society, most of the world is not. Unless we can, so to speak, graft some of our fat onto others, the poorer countries may make life more exciting, but possibly less democratic, for us and for all the rest of the world as well.

The stuff of Lipset's book is the most comprehensive review thus far of the vast amount of public opinion polling and analysis of voting done in North America and Europe these past few years. It is well-mixed with ideas and quotations gathered from wide reading (although with a certain tendency to follow the fashion of making Max Weber and Robert Michels the fountainheads of all modern thought on politics and society since Marx.) While the book is not for those who can make no sense of statistical tables, it may contribute to the education of a generation which is destined to read tables whether it wants to or not. For Lipset's tables are simple, and generally illumine his text. That text itself, although it is seldom elegant and sometimes downright crude, gets a great deal said.

The most important point in Lipset's argument – and he supports it massively – is that political democracy flourishes only where fundamental agreement (consensus) is so great that differences may be settled by moderate conflict leading to compromise. If, as in the English-speaking countries, the conflict be carried on through parties which are themselves coalitions of divers interests and whose members are of all classes, the number of parties can be small. Since all (generally merely *both*) parties can expect to have their turn in power, whichever one is out accepts the role of loyal opposition. One party may be the favorite of one class, another of another class, but it must be a statistical sort of favor, neither absolute nor doctrinaire. If, on the other hand, the parties are too ideological and if each represents but one class, the political fight turns into a confused squabble ended sooner or later by a revolution; after that, all surviving opposers are declared traitors.

These are familiar ideas. Lipset's services, with respect to them, are several. He has gathered more evidence on the subject than anyone before him, organized it masterfully, and given us a brilliant case-study of the working of democracy – with the necessary loyal opposition – in one of the few trade-unions in which it works.

Still another service is that he has brought up the whole question of the success and stability of democracy at a

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crucial point in the history of both democracy itself and one of its major institutions – the polling of public opinion. For, if a massive bed of consensus bearing a light load of differences is the condition of our style of democracy, it is no less the condition of the particular kind of social science known as the survey; not the old survey of the conditions of life of the urban poor, so popular at the turn of the century, but the new survey of the opinions and tastes of the comfortable. In these States, we have an enormous number of people who speak what is, superficially at least, the same language. There is available to them an enormous amount of goods which they may acquire, although they less and less often buy them outright. The choices, within each line of goods, are conveniently few; the differences between the items to be chosen are minimal. We, the people, also fall into rather neat categories, of which there are not so many as to be confusing. Some few of us, called a sample, have been found to represent reliably the tastes and views of all of us. In short, our similarities are great and our differences finite. We are the statistical paradise, apparently for exactly the same reasons that we are a successful democracy, with a bulge in the middle which has been (or was) appropriately accommodated by our automobile industry.

But perhaps the categorizing necessary to discovering what we think and are likely to do confuses the issues, just as our political parties (pre-election coalitions) do. For instance, Lipset reviews the accumulating evidence that tolerance – of queer people and views – is greater among those of us who have more money, education and social position than among those of us who have less. The leaders of the community are more liberal than their followers. But something doesn't quite jibe. For has it been the custom of those leaders (overwhelmingly Republican, by the way!) to initiate great reforms for the benefit of those for whom they are so tolerant? It has often taken a push from the rear to get the leaders to lead. Are those who are better placed really more tolerant, or are they simply less threatened by loss of job, by the prospect of having a family house surrounded by strange and unliked people, or having one's children among company that are of another world or by a dozen other contingencies? I do not know the answer, but I believe that some of the findings of surveys – in spite of the best and improving efforts of those who make them – show things rather too much in the large and in the flat.

The surveyers of opinion and of consumers' tastes should indeed go to Africa; not merely to smell battle, but also to refresh and sharpen their technical ingenuity. In the new African states, towns and cities, differences are colossal; consensus is hardly to be found. There is no common language, either as to words or as to meanings. People are not agreed about what disease is and how it should be treated, about who owns the land, and about what law should prevail and who should administer it. One could not ask many questions in the same vernacular of a sample of all the people. Intransigents might not even listen to the questions, for on some matters the questioning mood itself is sacrilege. Authorities might not allow questioners to go among some classes of people. We (for I am a social scientist, too) might get kicked out of the country. But it would be good for us. When we got home we might pay more attention to extremists and true believers. We might find that there are some people who believe there are still great battles to be won even in North America, and who believe that our democracy must constantly explore the outer limits of our consensus if it is be tough and flexible enough to deal successfully not only with non-Communist leaders of the under-developed countries, – as Lipset says we must, – but also with the Communist leaders, revolutionary or otherwise, of the Soviet Union, China and their terrestial satellites.

If there is anything about which I would chide Lipset it is that he lets me leave his book with the impression that he thinks it a bit useless for anyone, in this bulging democracy, to strip himself down lean to fight bitterly for some idea or principle that might not catch on quickly, – or at all. Social scientists are still – relatively and statistically – pretty liberal fellows; but our mass methods of studying a mass society may take the extreme ends off our opinions. We're bulging in the middle, too.

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Some Students of Electioneering

The campaign literature of a Presidential year is not produced entirely by the goose-grease brigade, intent upon advancing the interest of a single candidate. There are also the more or less serious students who realize that the quadrennial year is the time for them to try to catch the ear of the public; and in 1960 these are normally active.

Here, for example, are four recent publications each designed not to burn in-

American National Government
by Claudius O. Johnson
(Crowell; $4.50)

Hats in the Ring
by Malcolm Moos & Stephen Hess
(Random House; $3.50)

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
by Walter Johnson
(Little, Brown; $6)

Presidential Power
by Richard E. Neustadt
(Wiley; $5.95)

cense before the image of some candidate but to tell the American people what they are actually doing this year – which is not necessarily identical with what they think they are doing.

American National Government is in form merely the fifth edition of a standard college text, but it is in fact practically a new book, re-written in the past five years. It is a bit ponderous, but immensely solid. The fact that Dr. Johnson and his associates (all professors in the University of Washington) considered that events since 1955 required a re-writing is the significant fact about this book, otherwise too well known to call for mention here.

The other three are by authors who may be classified in the group designated on theater programs as Gentlemen of the Ensemble. That is to say, Moos and Hess are both assistants to Eisenhower, Johnson was an assistant to Stevenson during his campaigns, and Neustadt was an assistant to Truman. The books are dissimilar in most respects, but the pale cast of the White House is upon them all. Neustadt is studious, Johnson industrious, Moos and Hess sardonic, but one and all look at the Presidency with some trepidation. They envisage a possibility, not to say a probability, that the office may get beyond control.

What lends this interest and, perhaps, high significance is the fact that each of these writers has been close enough to the Presidency to know what atmosphere surrounds it. Even Johnson, although never a resident in the White House, has figured in a presidential campaign, an experience that teaches a great deal about what the office means. The fact that four men of diverse temperaments, but who have all observed the office at close range, are all a little afraid of it cannot be without meaning for the rest of us.

Unanimously they testify that this office, unless it is boldly and strongly managed by its occupant, will itself take over and manage the occupant. Nobody says that in so many words; but it is implicit in all four texts, and it is supported by the history of the past seven years. These books, then, are campaign literature in that they all advocate, not specific candidates, but specific qualities – moral and intellectual vigor. In the modern world the most dangerous kind of President is not the man of unsound ideas, but the man of no ideas, the figurehead.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Next Week

How Censorship Works In Our Public Libraries

by Raymond Stringer

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The Moon or MIT: New Children's Books

by William Jay Smith

For publishers of children's books 1959 was an all-time record boom year. According to *The Publisher's Weekly*, 1,647 juveniles were brought out, or over 10 percent of all books published. The figure would be cause for rejoicing if it indicated that there is an unprecedented interest in children's books, and that we are on our way to developing a literate young America. However, not only is the total minute in proportion to the population of the country, but also at least half of these volumes are not what literate Americans would consider books at all; they are merchandise. Having become big business, children's books are now made to fit in between the greeting card counter and the toy department; and they have taken on more and more the characteristics of both areas: they are brightly packaged; they are intended for fun and little else.

The big news in children's book publishing last year was the success of the new *I-Can't-Read-And-I-Don't-Care-It's-Fun* books, all carefully put together around basic vocabulary lists to give kids the impression that because they could recognize a few words repeated *ad nauseam* they were reading. Instead of considering the emphasis on a minimal vocabulary a national disgrace, educators and librarians hailed the books as the answer to their prayers. "This is what we have all been waiting for!" exclaimed one librarian. Apparently it was; for it was one further step along the way toward books without words. *The Cat in the Hat* was not bad – Dr. Seuss does have a gift for nonsense and an ear for the lilt that delights children and he has written entertaining books – but neither was it particularly good; no one took the trouble to point out that the verse was poor, and the drawings remarkably banal. But the kids naturally welcomed *The Cat in the Hat* as a national hero; the humor, poor as it was, was a relief from their usual dull fare. Then too they must take what they can get; and the book was readily available. Dr. Seuss, who began his career in advertising (*Quick, Henry – the Flit!* of my childhood days) recognized a good thing, and immediately initiated a whole series of beginner's books, recruiting his writers and illustrators largely from Madison Avenue.

The TV world of dancing toothpaste and talking thermometers is now within covers; and looking through the hundreds of juveniles of the current season, as I have for weeks, can be pretty depressing. Among the new offerings are the true story of the squirrel space monkey, Miss Baker, and the account of the sons of two candidates for the job of being the first man rocketed into space. There are books about bees, clocks, trade winds, rope, seashells, electromagnetic waves, and atomic submarines. There are others on how to tell left from right, how to tell colors ("a mouse is *never* red"), how to visit the doctor. One book describes a "silly centipede who wants to buy 50 pairs of shoes because she believes they will make her look pretty"; another, a factual one, is designed "to give young men the help they have always needed in understanding young women"; another concerns the "rather bewildering first year of a teen-age marriage." Perhaps it is significant, in all this bizarre assembly, that the winner of the Newbery Medal, awarded annually by the American Library Association for the most distinguished contribution to children's literature, should be a film producer, Joseph Krumgold, for his book *Onion John* (Crowell; $3) whose central character inhabits a dump.

Onion John is told in the words of a teenager in Serenity, New Jersey, named Andrew Rusch, Jr. Andy cannot make up his mind whether to go to the moon or MIT (his father apparently wants him to do both) until through the influence of a lovable but unpredictable character named Onion John, who eats onions, collects bathtubs, and speaks an unidentifiable language (probably Russian) understandable only to Andy, and wishes to fumigate the town of its do-goodism from his vantage point on the dump, he decides to stick with his father in the hardware business. A good part of the book is just as silly as it sounds; but Mr. Krumgold, who is a maker of documentary films, has a good eye and a dramatic sense. The book is inferior to his . . . *And Now, Miguel*, which also won a Newbery Medal; but it does contain some memorable scenes.

The older writers of children's books never had any difficulty bridging fantasy and reality; they *were* writers and they knew that the imagination will triumph. The wings that take the children soaring through the air in E. Nesbit's *Five Children and It* are as real as those of any bird; and the children are still, after 60 years, as real as those around the corner. *Five Children and It* was reissued last year as one of ten classics published by the Looking Glass Library in uniform, well-designed, and clearly printed volumes, paper on boards, all selling for one dollar and a half. This extension of the quality-paperback principle to children's books is the idea of Jason Epstein, the young editor who launched the well-known Anchor paperbacks. The Library proposes to make a great variety of children's classics available, to reprint the text exactly without any of the watering-down that has marked most juvenile reprint series, and to use the original drawings wherever feasible. What a treat it is to have, along with such perennial favorites as *The Blue Fairy Book* of Andrew Lang and *The Peterkin Papers* of Lucretia Peabody Hale, the little-known *Men and Gods* by Rex Warner, the perfect volume for those avid for the Greek myths, told, and at times translated directly, from Ovid by an

Transatlantic Review #3

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excellent writer who is not impeded by a vocabulary count-down.

The consulting editors of the Looking Glass Library are not school-of-education pundits and child psychologists but writers of great distinction and varied interests, W. H. Auden, Phyllis McGinley and Edmund Wilson. Five new titles have now been added to the ten originally published: *The Phoenix and the Carpet* by E. Nesbit, *The Princess and Curdie* by George MacDonald, *The Red Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang, *Otto of the Silver Hand* by Howard Pyle, and a new collection, *The Looking Glass Book of Stories*, edited by Hart Day Leavitt, who has chosen the stories from favorites of his students at Phillips Andover Academy. By moving children's books back 30 or 40 years, the Looking Glass Library has moved them ahead; and the editors intend in time to publish new books of similar quality. The volumes have not yet reached supermarket distribution; but it will be a happy day if they do.

Another fortunate event in the juvenile field is the launching by the editors of *American Heritage* of the American Heritage Junior Library. The first two items in the series are *The Story of Yankee Whaling* by Irwin Shapiro, in consultation with Edouard A. Stackpole, Curator of the Marine Historical Association, Inc. of Mystic, Connecticut and *Indians of the Plains* by Eugene Rachlis, in consultation with John C. Ewers, Assistant Director, Museum of History and Technology, The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. The volumes are straight history, excellently written, and each is illustrated with 150 pictures (at least half of them in color), including period paintings, maps, and rare drawings; the layout is magnificent and every page a delight. The books are expensive ($3.50), but not for the wealth of material they contain; they provide a rare imaginative experience, a journey into history, and a visit to a museum in the company of the most enlightened and interesting of guides. Beside them, on junior's shelf, I would, if possible, place another large and handsome book, *People and Places* by Margaret Mead (World; $4.95), which also contains a study of the Plains Indians, along with others of the Eskimo, the Balinese, the Minoans of Crete, and the Ashanti of West Africa.

Golden Press, which is distributing the American Heritage volumes, is also publishing the *Tintin* picture adventure books, already celebrated throughout the world in their original French. To the four previously published, *King Ottokar's Scepter, The Crab with the Golden Claws, The Secret of the Unicorn, Red Rackham's Treasure* have now been added *Destination Moon* and *Explorers on the Moon*, all conveniently priced at $1.95. *Tintin* adds new and undreamt-of dimensions to the unpromising form of the comic strip, which one would have thought had been finished off by Disney and his crew. Tintin is an intrepid boy reporter, tall enough to look as if he had just outgrown the plus-fours that he wears night and day. Tintin's round face, pink cheeks, and unwavering topknot of gold hair and his raised eyebrows give him a look of perpetual amazement, that is echoed by the open and slightly elongated face – and raised eyebrows – of his dog Snowy (in French "Milou"). The two bob along over the pages to carry the adventures forward at a pace unequaled since the days of flickering silent films. Tintin has all the answers and all the merit badges, but he somehow avoids seeming insipid, perhaps because he represents like Alice the force of innocent but effective reason working its way through a nightmare world. While the boxes supply all the ins-and-outs and ups-and-downs of violent action – and it is amazing what variety there is in the drawing and color – the dialogue in the balloons is all in legible print on straight lines.

These are books not to be skimmed through with the untrained eye, but books that are to be read. There is no attempt to simplify the vocabulary for the young reader; a good part of the humor and invention is verbal as well as visual. The invective of Captain Haddock, Tintin's nautical pal, is as good as any that has appeared in children's books for years.

Two new collections of poetry attempt to bring back some of the verbal magic that is on its way out. *The Barnes Book of Nursery Verse*, edited by Barbara Ireson, (A. S. Barnes; $4.95) is the best collection of rhymes and verses for small children that I have ever encountered. Mrs. Ireson has done an amazing job of research in bringing together old nursery rhymes with new verses from everywhere. But she has been careful to make this collection more than a grab-bag of sweets; she knows that taste can operate just as effectively in choosing verse for beginners as for experienced readers. Originally published in England, the book is gaily illustrated by George Adamson in the best tradition of wry and witty understatement. If Mrs. Ireson's collection replaces those chosen by leaden-eared psychologists with an insistence on the psychological necessity of finding just the right inane poem about Flag Day and Thanksgiving, she will have done a real service for children.

William Cole is rapidly becoming the leading anthologist of children's poetry; and his new anthology, *Poems of Magic and Spells* (World; $3.95), one of his best, builds a strong bridge between fantasy and reality that may be crossed and recrossed. His magic universe does not exclude the modern scene, as evidenced by his including the little-known and terrifyingly beautiful poem, "The Wheelgoround" of Robert Clairmont. Nor does it omit humor. Mr. Cole does not want his readers to meditate on ghosts and graveyards without the occasional comic relief of gargoyles.

Some of the shimmer of magic is occasionally allowed to remain on tales abroad. The current interest in Japan has filtered down to the children's market; we are offered various volumes, all the way from the art of origami to an account of the romance of Prince Akihito. *The Very Special Badgers, A Tale of Magic from Japan* by Claus Stamm, illustrated by Kazue Mizumura (Viking; $2.25) *is* special. The American child may well miss the significance that the badger has in Japan, but no matter: the mystery only adds to the charm, and the occasional awkwardness of the English wording does not detract from the story's impact. The pictures are delightful; the book is a fine one to hold and to hear. *The Blue Boat* by William Mayne (Dutton; $2.95), which comes to us from England, is written in the E. Nesbit tradition that gives fantastic extension to everyday happenings. It is a reminder that vitality in a children's book, as Kenneth Grahame said, is the test, and that "whatever its components, mere truth is not necessarily one of them."

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THEATER

Meanwhile, Back at the Phoenix . . .

Henry IV, Parts I and II
by William Shakespeare
(Phoenix Theater)

Henry IV has always seemed to me the work of two collaborators with conflicting notions about the value of individual freedom in the corporate state. Shakespeare in his history plays is a nationalistic chronicler concerned with the welfare of England; and *officially* – as E. M. W. Tillyard has correctly observed – the two parts of *Henry IV* constitute an extended morality play about the Redemption of a Prodigal Prince who eventually evolves into the ideal English king. Prince Hal, in his father's eyes, seems wholly given over to riotous living and evil companions, but the audience knows from the beginning that Hal is preparing for a dramatic reformation. In this morality structure, Falstaff functions as a Vice figure – Sloth and Vanity in the first part, Disorder and Misrule in the second – who must be suppressed so that the new king may act with efficiency and heroism. The rejection of the old knight on coronation day is a prologue to England's glorious victory on the fields of France.

But contending with the public historian was a private artist who preferred to write a great Aristophanic farce about the exuberant anarchy and instinctualism of unconditioned man: Falstaff's character – like his capacious guts which are continually spilling over his belt – cannot be contained within the formal design. In this farce, Hal looks less like a perfect prince than a perfect prig, and Falstaff's resistance to civic virtue becomes a triumphant defense of natural man against all the domestic, national, and spiritual claims that are made on him. George Orwell, discussing the comic postcards of Donald McGill, has inadvertently provided the best description of Falstaff's appeal: "He is your unofficial self, the voice of the belly protesting against the soul . . . the lazy, cowardly, debt-bilking adulterer who is inside all of us . . . who sees very clearly the advantages of staying alive with a whole skin." Clearly, Falstaff is not a very inspiring presence when there are wars to be won, wives to be supported, children to be fed, laws to be enforced, and order to be maintained; and, since man must live in a social unit, his ultimate fate is inevitable, and, in a certain sense, just. Yet, he is the source of our greatest humor, and the dramatic embodiment of our eternal rebellion against institutional demands.

The Phoenix is now performing the two plays in repertory, and my difficulty in reviewing the productions, I suspect, is similar to Shakespeare's in writing the plays: an irreconcilable conflict between my private and public selves. Officially – which is to say, in the interests of good box offices, dramatic literature, and the perpetuation of the theater – I suppose I should join in the unanimous chorus of praise for the company's present work, shouting Best Damn Show I've Seen in Years, A Knockout, Long Life, Get Ye Down There, and all the other quotable gobbets which are currently being gouged out of the journalists' meaty prose. But unofficially, I feel compelled to admit that, taken as a whole, the two productions bored me stiff, and that if I'd had my way I would have been some place where things were more lively, possibly at Gadshill taking a purse with the old knight.

Now, since the Phoenix *Henrys* are undoubtedly the best work the company has done all year, what could be wrong? Surely, the plays are handsomely costumed and, if one doesn't notice that the set looks like a gallows, tastefully designed. As for the direction, there are not any striking interpretive blunders, aside from the fact that Stuart Vaughan has paced some scenes with irritating slowness, invented too much coy mischief for Falstaff's page, and sentimentalized the tougher relationships – Hotspur and his wife are continually making love, and Hal is forced to cover and kiss Falstaff when he is asleep under the arras and fight for control during the rejection scene. Similarly, while a few roles are miscast or misplayed, a few others come close to being definitive. Hotspur is less a gruff, seasoned soldier than an extravagant lyricist still wet from from his adolescence, and Hal mouths his lines like a bumpkin giving lip-reading lessons to the deaf; but John Heffernan's universally grey and twinkly Shallow, though sometimes a trifle too sweet, is full of brilliant comic invention; Franklin Cover's Silence is a gem of palsied and owlish somnambulance; Patricia Falkenhaim plays Doll Tearsheet like a disordered, staggering Piccadilly whore; Ray Reinhardt as Pistol firks and foins with robust salacity; and Gerry Jedd, Fritz Weaver and Juliet Randall are quite wonderful in their other roles.

Yet, except for these scattered performances which give life to some of the comic scenes in Part II, there is no consistent fun or art in the productions, for the plays have been unconscionably tamed and domesticated. One feels this everywhere, but especially where least expected, in the part of Falstaff. Eric Berry looks the role and walks it, but in his fastidious hands the knight is an impostor, imported from a Restoration play. For Berry's Falstaff is less concerned with amusement than with elocution, always a little too delighted with himself for having pronounced his words with the proper BBC inflection. Laughter becomes *lofter*, not, *nut*, past, *pahhst*, and the r's are trilled until your ears ring; one begins, in short, to listen to diction rather than sense. A group of school children, I am told, who came to the Phoenix expecting to see a *bad* man, were delighted to find that Falstaff was really *nice*. And that, I fear, is the word to sum up the performance. Shakespeare's con-man has been converted into an ingratiating old fella with a

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tendency to foppishness but no more subversive than your Uncle Cyril from Bristol.

And Berry's upper-class mannerisms set the tone for the entire production. Shot through with moth-holes of dullness and amateurism, the two evenings are characterized by an academic gentility that reminds one too often of the Old Vic. The Phoenix ends its season having developed a few actors of real talent and power, but still a long march from a unified company with a meaningful direction. Its pious ideals are still only unfulfilled hopes, for the Phoenix now has not yet dared to let go of the old traditions and rampage into the new.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

Art Between Covers

The best art book for reading this spring is *Art and Illusion*, the Mellon Lectures for 1956, by E. H. Gombich (Pantheon; $10); and the lushest for looking is *Manet Watercolors and Pastels* (Abrams; $27.50). Gombrich's book is one of those rare, prolonged delights for the mind that result from immense erudition being channeled by a sharp intellect into a fairly narrow inquiry. In pursuing the aspects of art and illusion and the complicated relationships between the two, Gombrich draws not only on the entire history of art, east and west, but on philosophy, psychology, optics, all branches of learning and all trades which bear on his quest.

Mr. Gombrich, who is director of the Warburg Institute at the University of London, has his own conclusions, but by the time you reach them, the exploration has become much more rewarding and much more important than any set of opinions, however informed. The author succeeds in taking a fairly technical inquiry beyond the limitations of its own field and endowing it with sustained fascination for the average intellectual man. Partly this is because the epistemological questions he raises are of universal concern; mostly it is because Gombrich himself is a remarkable intellect, graceful, subtle, profoundly logical and given to using logic to open questions rather than to close them. The book has over 300 illustrations, thoroughly integrated with the thought.

The Manet book has a brief, instructive text, by Kurt Martin, the Munich museum director, but the point of the book is the beauty of the reproductions. There are two dozen of them, each matted. They are printed in six- and eight-color lithography and are mostly about half the size of the originals, sometimes closer. Since the textural values of pastels and water colors are limited, these plates come about as close as reproductions can. Each has a commentary, often devoted to relating the work to a better known oil. There are portraits, flowers, girls bathing, café scenes. Some of the drawings Manet did in the studio before or after sessions on the big pictures and you get a distinct shock to see the girl who presides – forever – at the bar of the Folies-Bergère, in hat and muff just arrived for a sitting.

Also on the lush side is David Douglas Duncan's book (*The Kremlin;* New York Graphic Society; $25) of 83 superb color photographs of the chapels and halls, crowns and jewels, coaches and robes in the Kremlin. Behind its rather seedy exterior the Kremlin houses what is probably the most opulent royal treasure still in business. Duncan has come back with a gorgeous sample of it.

Another thing nobody had to do to please me was to bring out still another book about Salvador Dali the man. Fleur Cowles' addition to the literature (*The Case of Salvador Dali,* Little, Brown, $6.59) is a compilation of what other people have had to say on the subject, the paste-ups linked together by a pedestrian sobriety done in the spirit of the fan magazine.

Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute, by Anna Balakian (Noonday; $4.50) on the other hand, is a legitimate scholarly examination of the origins and development of the movement, primarily as a phenomenon of French poetry. Professor Balakian's examination is orderly and even persuasive, but in the end explaining surrealism is something like explaining a joke. If you don't get the joke in the first place, explanations only show you what you missed.

Two new books on Byzantine art and two on Indian add to our knowledge and especially to our visual familiarity with those still exotic bodies of work. They are *Greece: Byzantine Mosaics* by André Grabar and Manolis Chatzidakis (New York Graphic Society; $18); *The Art of Byzantium,* by David Talbot Rice (Abrams; $25); *The Art of India,* by Louis Frederic (Abrams; $17.50); and *Indian Miniatures,* by W. G. Archer (New York Graphic Society; $25).

The Unesco book on Greek mosaics includes 32 plates, done in the customary outsize of the series and with its customary excellence of color. The close-ups are especially valuable. In general the Greek mosaics resemble those in Yugoslavia in possessing a kind of rugged honesty in contrast to the imperial and mystical dazzle at Constantinople and Ravenna. Obviously this contrast comes in part from the greater use of earth tones in Greece and Yugoslavia, while the court mosaic men had more gold at their disposal, but the difference appears in the forms and faces as well. You could say one is elegant, one pedestrian; you could also say one is pride, the other humility. Certainly the religious images of Greece correspond more closely to the spirit of the scriptures they illustrate than do the courtly mosaics of the Byzantine emperors.

The art of the imperial city itself is the exclusive concern of David Talbot Rice's book, which is the most ambitious photographic survey of Byzantine art I've seen. Rice's long essay traces the development of that art from Constantine's founding of the city to its fall to the Turks eleven hundred years later. Everything is considered, and amply illustrated, mosaic, manuscripts, ivory and marble reliefs, metalwork, textiles, painted silk and panel paintings, architecture and even sculpture, which is very rare in Byzantine art. Max Hirmer's photographs – 44 in color and 196 in black and white – concentrate so efficiently on the material itself that the occasional shots of ruined churches have great eloquence in establishing the

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pathos of history. The wide scope of the materials makes clear both the Byzantine derivation from Rome and the existence in Byzantium of a Christian spirit beyond the emperor-worship so magnificently patronized by the emperors.

The Art of India roams through the entire subcontinent and through about 2400 years to encompass the visual story of temples and sculpture. There are 424 photographs by Louis Frederic, plus a number of instructive diagrams and line drawings. Frederic has also supplied a broad history of India and notes on sites and objects. The result is a journey through time and space in a culture most of us know nothing about. The growth and decline of architecture has obvious Western parallels in everything from Stonehenge to Spanish baroque and even rococo. Great, strange buildings loom out of the jungle or are cut into hillsides. The life of the jungle seems expressed in much of the sculptural detail of the temples, not so much in copies of plants and beasts as in the sheer swarm of tropical growth. The sculpture combines unworldly detachment with what strikes us as the highly erotic. With his camera Frederic has accomplished the considerable feat of restoring for us the Moslem-Indian architecture that we had long ago written off as that of amusement piers and lodge halls. The most startling pictures in the book are those of a group of observatories built by an 18th-Century maharaja. Astronomical measuring instruments the size of large buildings create a strictly functional architecture of austere beauty.

Indian Miniatures explores the other great branch of the nation's art in 100 illustrations, half of them in color. While the eroticism of the sculpture is cosmic, that of the miniatures is that of the love-nest and even the boudoir. There are impressive illustrations from religious documents and wonderfully detailed scenes of nature, but the pervading theme is human courtship. The range is from the 11th to the 19th Centuries and the Persian influence is strong throughout. The graceful, linear style, with its strong local colors, creates one lovely pattern after another and the young lovers themselves are continuously attractive.

The four new titles in the Grove Press Evergreen Gallery series (*Mark Tobey* by Colette Roberts; *Jean Arp* by Jean Cathelin; *Zao Wou-Ki* by Claude Roy; *Nicholas De Staël* by Denys Sutton; Cloth, $3.95; paper, $1.95) are almost wholly free of the gospel-thumping salvationism that has characterized books in the series dealing with New York painters. Almost. Colette Roberts tends to use "art" as the subject of a sentence when she really means only "Tobey"; and Jean Cathelin seriously concludes that Jean Arp "is a forerunner of the 21st-Century . . . the herald of an interplanetary art through which . . . our descendants will find their place . . . in this galaxy as in others." This isn't even panegyric; it's science fiction. But all four small, slim books combine biography with appreciation and the hard facts of chronology, and are therefore useful. The *Arp* has seven colorplates, the others twelve, and these are augmented by black and whites. The *De Staël* and the *Zao Wou-Ki* are more than merely useful. Claude Roy and Denys Sutton bring understanding and a sense of proportion to their essays and thus reveal the true grounds for delight in a pair of artists who have not dominated the age – let alone the future – but who have given pleasure to many people.

FRANK GETLEIN

RECORDS

From Early Baroque to Early Romantic

From the less familiar pre-Bach repertory Columbia offers – on ML-5443 (mono) and MS-6117 (stereo) – a number of canzonas of Gabrieli and Frescobaldi played on the organ, trumpets and trombones by E. Power Biggs and the Boston Brass Ensemble conducted by Richard Burgin. The Gabrieli pieces are engagingly imposing and brilliant; those of Frescobaldi I find less interesting; but in all of them it is a pleasure to hear the compact, unblurred sounds of the new Flentrop organ in the Busch-Reisinger Museum of Harvard University. This is described on the record envelope as "the first true classic concert organ in America"; but I am under the impression that the Holtkamp organs at Yale and MIT, used in the Overtone recording of Scheidt's *Tabulatura Nova* and the Kapp recording of Handel organ concertos, are also of the classical type; and their smaller, brighter sounds are even more attractive.

Another canzona by Gabrieli is one of the engaging pieces played beautifully by the Consort of Viols of the Pro Arte Antiqua of Prague on Vangard BG-591 (mono) and BGS-5019 (stereo). Others are a Fantasia by Gibbons, a Pavan and Galliard by Valentin Haussmann, a *Fuga Suavissima* by Carolus Luython, and transcriptions of a Serenade by Biber, with a vocal part sung by Kari Nurmela, baritone, six pieces from Lully's ballet music for Cavalli's opera *Xerxes*, and four pieces from Couperin's *L'Apothéose de Lully*.

Of Bach, Angel has reissued – on COLH-71 in its Great Recordings of the Century series – Landowska's famous pre-war harpsichord performances of the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Toc-

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OR IS THERE?

Leukemia now gives its young victims only months of life. But there *is* hope for those with this form of cancer. That hope is research.

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Every year leukemia kills 2,000 children and 10,000 adults, and the incidence is rising. Every year the American Cancer Society allocates more and more money to research specifically related to leukemia. Last year, it allotted nearly $1,000,000 to such research, out of a total research expenditure of about $12,000,000. Much more money is needed this year. The more you contribute, the faster research on leukemia and other forms of cancer will progress. Guard your family! Fight cancer with a checkup and a check! Send your contribution to "Cancer," in care of your local post office

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cata in D, Partita in B flat and Italian Concerto. They are for the most part impressively, and at times excitingly, dynamic in phrasing and rhythm; but the great slow movement of the Italian Concerto suffers, already in this early performance, from the distentions of tempo and phrase that make no sense in the flow of the performance and therefore seem capriciously arbitrary – the distentions that have afflicted so much of Landowska's more recent work.

Exciting too are the recorded performances of another keyboard artist, the young Polish pianist Adam Harasiewicz. On Epic LC-3643 (mono) and BC-1060 (stereo) he plays Chopin's beautiful Concerto No. 1 with the Vienna Symphony under Hollreiser; on LC-3633 (mono) Chopin's Sonata Op. 35, Nocturnes Op. 15 No. 2 and Op. 27 No. 2, Etudes Op. 10 Nos. 1 and 12, and Mazurkas Op. 33 No. 4, Op. 41 No. 1, Op. 59 No. 3 and Op. 63 No. 2. The *forte* tone is a little hard; but what is exciting is the shaping of the music: untraditionally straightforward and unaffected in inflection, with the grace of the subtlest modifications of tempo rubato, and with unfailing continuity in phrase tension and outline. In the concerto I prefer the nearer and more solid piano tone of the monophonic recording; in the solo pieces the piano has a xylophone-like treble.

David Oistrakh contributes beautiful playing of his instrument and the music in the performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto with the National Orchestra of the French Radio under Cluytens, on Angel 35780 (mono) and S-35780 (stereo).

Capitol's second volume of Haydn's London symphonies, GCR-7198 (mono) and SGCR-7198 (stereo), has Nos. 99 to 104 – incandescent examples of the method described so well by Tovey as "dramatic surprise at the moment," with "nothing . . . difficult to follow, but almost everything . . . unexpected." It also offers a better group of performances by Beecham and his Royal Philharmonic than the first volume did. The tempos that are a little deliberate are acceptable; and only in the second movement of No. 103 *(Drum Roll)* do we get a tempo which is impossibly slow for the C-minor opening section, and which in fact Beecham accelerates for the last recurrence of that section – the right tempo for the movement being his faster one for the alternating C-major section. He fusses with the Minuet of No. 104; and in the trio of the Minuet of No. 101 *(Clock)* he exhibits unexpected humorless pedantry in his correction of Haydn's little joke of keeping the accompaniment in the tonic while the melody shifts to the dominant. These are the few flaws in otherwise good performances; and the performance of No. 100 *(Military)* is outstandingly fine, with a fluidity and a sensitiveness of inflection that contrast with the four-square quality of the others. In the stereophonic volume the bass is a little weak in Nos. 99 and 100 and much too weak in No. 102; and I therefore prefer the monophonic volume.

Beecham's performance of another work of Haydn, *The Seasons*, is on Capitol GCR-7184 (mono) and SGCR-7184 (stereo). Though less impressive than *The Creation*, the work has lovely pages, with some powerful ones in the Winter section; and Beecham produces an excellent performance with his Royal Philharmonic and Beecham Choral Society and a solo group – Elsie Morison, soprano, Alexander Young, tenor,

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Updike *has written innumerable stories and poems, as well as a novel,* The Poorhouse Fair. Laurence Lieberman *is a young California poet.* Louis J. Halle *is a visiting professor at the Institute of High International Studies in Geneva; his books include* Choice for Survival *and* Spring in Washington. Iris Origo *has written extensively on history and aesthetics; her newest book is* The Merchant of Prato. Rex Stout *is the eminent mystery novelist.* Susan M. Black *has been contributing to* The New Republic *regularly since Christmas time.* Patrick O'Donovan *has just returned to England after several years as Washington correspondent of* The Observer. Charles Burton Marshall *is the author of* The Limits of Foreign Policy. Frank J. Warnke *is on the English faculty at Yale.* Everett C. Hughes *teaches sociology at the University of Chicago.* William Jay Smith *has just published his fourth book of poems for children,* Typewriter Town.

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Michael Langdon, bass – that is better than the one in the Decca performance conducted by Fricsay.

Vanguard has issued new recordings in place of its old ones of Bach's Cantata No. 4, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, one of his great choral works, and his Cantata No. 140, *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*, which has superb choral passages but less interesting music for the soloists. On BG-598 (mono) and BGS-5026 (stereo) Prohaska conducts straightforward and effective performances with a Vienna State Opera orchestra, the Vienna Chamber Choir and a solo group comprising Laurence Dutoit, soprano, Kurt Equiluz, tenor, and Hans Braun, bass. The old Goettingen Festival performance of No. 4 on Decca ARC-3063 offers more eloquent singing by Fischer-Dieskau, and pacing, shaping and sensitive inflection by Fritz Lehmann that create more life in the contrapuntal texture and give the work more expressive force.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Labor and the Press

Sirs:

William Abbott's charges against newspapers' coverage of labor (April 18), accurate though they may be, unfortunately fall into a tradition of muckraking the press that has, over the years, proved unproductive. Each of his examples – from suppression of pro-union stories to editorial preference for headlines about union rackets – echoes what George Seldes, Heywood Broun, and Harold Ickes were writing twenty-five years ago. The labor movement has certainly known for years of the reasons for a chilly press. It is well enough known that American newspapers are under corporate control of varying degrees of enlightenment. Mr. Abbott certainly must know that local monopoly has been increasingly characteristic of newspapers since World War I. The fuzzy quality he calls "the one-class point of view" is also no novelty.

The fact is that saying newspapers are beastly has little effect; accusing them in the mass will neither improve them nor drive them out of business. It should be recognized that the industry is no monolith. Men and women in it (with even a publisher included here and there) want earnestly to raise both its ethics and its intelligence. Like Mr. Abbott, they fail to find strong solutions in sponsorship by other interest groups. Most, I think, would agree that labor does indeed lack the essentials for entering the newspaper business. The American Newspaper Guild, originally intensely interested in improving newspapers, has had to devote itself to problems common to every union. Experiments like *PM* have not survived. Religious and educational institutions have not responded to suggestions that they enter newspaper publishing. And hoots have always greeted the proposals for government-sponsored newspapers.

What remains, then, is the corporate press operating in local monopolies. If its performance is not all it should be – and Mr. Abbott and I agree that it is not – and there is no foreseeable substitute for it, the only practicable route is to find ways to commend the friends of good journalism and punish its enemies. This will not be accomplished by blanket indictments or imputations of all-embracing conspiracy. Useful criticism of the press must make absolutely clear who is being discussed, who is the shining example, and who is the laggard. This is something that can be done by labor (and, in fact, the late Lowell Mellett willed the Guild a fund for that purpose), by educational institutions, and, most of all, by those in the industry who are close enough to see its shortcomings but detached enough to be concerned with its improvement.

James Boylan
Columbia University
Graduate School of Journalism

The Shortage of Doctors

Sirs:

Mr. Alexander S. Morrow's analysis ("The Shortage of Doctors," April 4) leaves the reader with many misleading impressions. For example, it is stated that the number of medical schools in the US has declined to "under 80." There are 85 medical schools at the present time, at least one new one is

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NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

Printed by National Publishing Co., 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

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about to open, and several others are undergoing major expansion. While Mr. Morrow states that "only about one-third of all applicants are being accepted for admission by medical schools," the correct figure now is almost exactly one-half of all the applicants for admission.

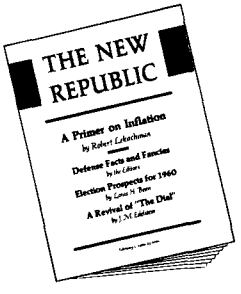
Contrary to Mr. Morrow's implied belief that money is all that is needed for a first-rate medical education, money is only an important beginning. In the past, the growth of medical schools was severely hampered by a lack of adequately trained teachers in all phases of medical education. In 1910, when the Flexner Report was issued, the shortage of teachers was so acute that even the medical schools endeavoring to improve their standards encountered serious problems in staffing. Today the supply of physician-scientists is growing (largely as a result of Federal support to research) but is hardly sufficient to maintain the standards and growth of existing approved schools.

Mr. Morrow's assumption that the American Medical Association (AMA) has opposed an expansion of medical institutions is unfounded and the implied motive – keep the number of doctors down so that they will all get rich – borders on the ridiculous. The AMA, in collaboration with the Association of American Medical Colleges, is currently engaged in a serious effort to attract qualified students to the study of medicine. This is a difficult problem that has many facets. In recent years, the number of talented applicants for medical education has decreased substantially. The top-notch schools are still filling their classes with good people, but the smaller schools are beginning to feel the pinch. Medical educators and organized medicine are working strenuously to improve standards of medical care, but this goal can hardly be accomplished by men who show little aptitude for the sciences that are so important for the study of medicine. The decrease in the number of qualified applicants is not surprising. The cost of a medical education is frightening, both in dollars per year and the number of years required. The lag between completion of training and earnings sufficient to support a family is considerable.

Another major factor accounting for the decline in the number of qualified applicants for medical education is the decreased prestige of the medical profession today. Engineers and physical scientists are attracting many of our best young people, partly because of financial considerations and partly because medicine is no longer considered to be an exalted profession. Unfavorable publicity in the press continues to chop away at the prestige of our profession. The good things that organized medicine has accomplished are hardly ever mentioned while obvious shortcomings are publicized in an exaggerated way. One example of unfavorable publicity is Mr. Morrow's article.

Eric Reiss, MD
University City, Mo.

Hans J. Morgenthau:



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What Is Wrong with Mexico?

Sirs:

In his article on Mexico (April 4), Mr. Howard T. Young does not seem to have asked himself what is now reasonably possible in Mexico. The PRI is a rambling, heterogeneous oligarchy – not a "dictatorship" comparable to Hitler's or Stalin's. The new-rich are indeed offensive, but in the last ten years there has been an appreciable trickling down of wealth. A Democratic victory in the United States, followed by a true return to the Good Neighbor policy, with improvements, could quickly do wonders to Mexican-American relations.

Charles Allen Smart
Guanajuato, Mexico

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